THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ We commenced in THE POST of January 2d a new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. Yoss, author of "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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OF

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, *where it is so desired*—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $3; Two copies, $5; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one extra), $12; Twenty (and one extra), $25. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

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☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ GREAT MEN AND GREAT SCHOLARS.—We can't help remembering that the world's great men have not o mm nly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

☞ A manufacturer in Birmingham has succeeded in making such an improvement in Britannia-metal goods, that it is said he is obliged to warrant it *not* silver.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

[A young man once picked up a sovereign in the road. Ever afterward as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around; he never allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought treasures; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.—*Fable.*]

A young man walked along the road, his eyes
upon the ground;
The sky was blue above his head, the flowers
bloomed around;
He walked with hasty, furious pace, careless of
everything,
When something caught his weary eye, all
bright and glittering.

He quickly stooped and picked it up, and
brushed it off—behold!
It was a yellow, shining coin, a brilliant piece
of gold.
The sadness quickly left his face, he smiled a
sordid smile;
He clutched it tightly in his hand, and travelled
on the while.

And as the days and weeks went by he watched
unceasingly,
His eyes upon the dreary road, thinking that
there might be
Another piece of precious coin, another bit of
gold,
That he might find and call his own, and grasp
in greedy hold.

As he was plodding slowly on one beauteous
summer day,
He saw a something in the road which then
before him lay;
He quickly stopped to pick it up, but as he
bended lower,
He saw 'twas not a precious coin—it was a
little flower!

He idly took it in his hands with curiosity,
But soon he threw it down again, "What is it
worth?" said he;
He hastened on with angry step, with brow
severe and cold,
His keen eyes fixed upon the ground to find his
darling—GOLD!

And all the while the birds sang sweet among
the verdant trees;
A sweet perfume came softly borne upon the
southern breeze;
The sky was clear and lightly blue, the sun
shone warm and bright;
And beauteous wild flowers everywhere grew
sweet to greet the sight.

The silver rivulets all around with merry music
flowed;
There was but one dark spot to see, it was the
dreary road.
And while the earth was green and bright, and
songs of music rolled,
The foolish man kept on his way, still hunting
for the gold.

Death came at last. The rich man died, and
left his hoarded store;
Life had no happiness for him, and soon that
life was o'er;
He knew not that the flowers were sweet, that
music round him rolled;
Life was to him a muddy road wherein to hunt
for GOLD.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XII.

A WHIM OF LADY OSWALD'S.

The medical body, as a whole, is differently estimated by the world. Some look down upon it, others look up to it—and their own position in the scale of society can no bearing or bias on the views of the estimators. It may be that a nobleman will bow to the worth and value of the physician, will regard him as a benefactor of mankind, exercising that calling of all others most important to the welfare of humanity; while a man very far down in the world's social ladder will despise the doctor wherever he sees him.

It is possible that each has in a degree cause for this, so far as he judges by his own experience. The one may have been brought in contact with that perfect surgeon—and there are many such—whose peculiar gifts for the calling were bestowed upon him by the Divine will; he with the lion's heart and woman's hand, whose success, born of patience, courage, judgment, experience, has become by God's blessing an assured fact. Men who have brought all the grand discoveries of earthly science to their aid and help in their study of the art; who have watched Nature day by day, and mastered her intricacies; who have, in fact, attained to that perfection in skill which induces the involuntary remark to break from us—We shall never see his fellow! Before such a man as this, as I look upon it, the world should bow. We have no benefactor like unto him. The highest honors of the land should be open to him; all that we can give of respect and admiration should be his.

But there is a reverse side to the picture. There is the man who has gone into the profession without aptitude for it, who has made it his, although positively incapable of properly learning it and exercising it. He may have acquired the right to use all the empty distinguishing letters attaching to it, and tack them after his name on all convenient occasions, inscribe them in staring characters on his very door-posts—M. D., M. R. C. S.,—as many more as there may be to get; but, for all that, he is less capable of exercising the art than you or I. His whole career is one terrible mistake. He kills more patients than he cures; slaying them, drenching them to death, with that most pitiful and fatal of all weapons—ignorance. It may not be his fault, in one sense: he does his best: but he has embraced a calling for which nature did not fit him. He goes on in his career, it is true, and his poor patients suffer. More ignorant, of necessity, than he is—for in all that relates to the healing art, we are, taken as a whole, lamentably deficient—they can only blindly resign themselves to his hands, and when they find that there's no restored health for them, that they get worse rather than better, they blame the obstinacy of the malady, not the treatment. Upon his own mind, meanwhile, there rests an ever perpetual sense of failure, irritating his temper, rendering his treatment experimental and uncertain: be you very sure that does not take from the non-success. Some cannot see where the fault lies—in their own incapacity; and if a man does see it, what then? He must go on and do his best; he must be a doctor always; it is his only means of living, and he is too old to take to another trade. Rely upon it there are more of these practitioners than the world suspects.

Such a man as the first was Dr. Davenal; such a man as the last was Mark Cray. But, that Mark was so, Dr. Davenal suspected not. Grave cases hitherto, during their short connection, had been treated by the doctor, and for ordinary ailments Mark did well enough. He could write a proper prescription when the liver was out of order, or bring a child through the measles; he could treat old ladies with fanciful ailments to the very acme of perfection. It is true Dr. Davenal had been once or twice rather surprised by downright wrong treatment on the part of Mark, but he had attributed it to inexperience.

When other doctors could not cure, people flew to Dr. Davenal; when there was a critical operation to be performed, involving life or death, Dr. Davenal was prayed to undertake it. His practice, therefore, was of wide extent; it was not confined to Hallingham and its vicinity, but extended occasionally to the confines of the county. It was not, therefore, surprising that on the morning following the accident Dr. Davenal found himself called out at an early hour to the country on a case of dangerous emergency. And the illness was at Thorndyke.

He responded at once to the call. Never a prompter man than Richard Davenal. Roger had learnt by example to be prompt also, and was ready with his carriage as soon as his master. The arrangements with regard to saving time were well organized at Dr. Davenal's. The bell communicating from the house down the side-wall of the garden to the man's rooms near the stables was made the means of conveying different orders. If rung once, Roger was wanted indoors to receive his orders by word of mouth; if rung twice—and on those occasions they were always sharp, imperative peals—Roger knew that the carriage was wanted at once, with all the speed that he could get it round.

The calm peaceful quiet of the Sabbath morn was lying on the streets of Hallingham as the doctor was driven through them. The shops were all shut; some of the private houses were not yet opened—servants are apt to lie late on that morning. As they passed the town-hall and the market-place, so void of life then, the church clocks struck eight, and the customary bells, giving token of the future services of the day, broke forth in the clear air.

"Stop at the abbey, Roger," said the doctor, as they neared it.

The woman, Dorcas, was just opening the parlor shutters. She came to the door when she saw the carriage drawing up to it.

"I want to see your master, Dorcas. I suppose he's up."

"He is up and out, sir," was her reply. "He has been gone about five minutes."

The answer caused the doctor to pause. It should be explained that when the train of sufferers arrived at the station the previous night, Lady Oswald had elected to be accompanied to her home by Mark Cray, not by Dr. Davenal. Whether she was actuated by pure caprice; whether by a better motive—the belief that she was not hurt so much as some other of the sufferers, and that Dr. Davenal's skill would be more needed by them; or whether the recent sudden liking she had taken for Mr. Cray swayed her then, could not be told: never would be told. She seemed to be a little revived at the end of the journey, and she chose that Mark Cray should go home with her. Dr. Davenal had acquiesced, but he whispered a parting word to Mark. "If there is an injury, I suspect it will be found in the ribs, Mark. Look well to it. If you want me, I am going on to the infirmary, and shall be at home afterwards."

But, as it appeared, the doctor had not been wanted. At any rate, Mark Cray had not sent for him. And he had stopped now to hear, if he could, Mark's report.

An upper window opened, and Mrs. Cray, completely enveloped in a thick shawl, so that nothing could be seen of her but the tip of her nose, leaned out.

"Good morning, Uncle Richard."

"Good-morning, my dear. I am glad to see you again. Can you come down for a minute?"

"No, I have not begun to dress. Did you want Mark? He has gone to Lady Oswald's."

"Ah, that's what I wish to ask about. Did you hear Mark say how she was?—whether there was any hurt?"

"He said there was not. But for one thing, she kept fainting, and refused to be touched. At least I think he said so, something of that; I was very sleepy when he got home; it was one o'clock. I am sure he said she was not hurt to speak of."

"That's all right, then," said Dr. Davenal.

"You are out betimes, Uncle Richard," resumed Caroline. "Are you going far?"

"To Thorndyke. Tell your husband he must see my patients this morning, I shall not be back in time. Drive on, Roger."

"Very well," said Caroline. "Who's ill at Thorndyke?"

But Dr. Davenal's answer, if he gave one, was lost in the distance, and never reached Caroline Cray's ear.

It was a singular coincidence—as was said by gossips afterwards—that one should be taken ill that day at Thornkyke and be in danger of death. It was not, however, one of the Oswald family, but a visitor of Sir Phillip's, and it has nothing whatever to do with the story. It need not have been mentioned, save to explain what took Dr. Davenal from Hallingham on that critical day.

Dr. Davenal found the patient alarmingly ill, in great need of medical help, and he had to remain at Thorndyke some hours. It was between two and three o'clock when he got back to Hallingham, and he ordered Roger to drive at once to the infirmary.

The doctor went in and saw his patients. The poor man, Bigg, easier now than he had been the previous night, lay in a slumber: the rest were going on well. One woman had gone. An inmate of the wards for some weeks past, her case, a very painful one, had baffled all skill, all remedy; and she had gone to that better place where sickness and pain cannot enter. Dr. Davenal stood for some little time conversing with the house surgeon, and then departed on foot to his home: he had dismissed his carriage when he entered the infirmary.

As he was walking, he met an eager little fellow scuffling along, one who always walked very fast, with his head pushed out, as if he were in a desperate hurry. It was one of the infirmary pupils, as they were called; young men gathering skill and experience to become in time surgeons themselves, who attended the infirmary with their masters. This one, Julius Wild, a youth of eighteen, was more particularly attached to the service of Mr. Cray, went round the wards with him as his dresser, and such like. No sooner did he see Dr. Davenal than his pace increased to a run, and he came up breathless.

"Oh, if you please, sir, Mr. Cray has been looking for you everywhere—"

"I have been to Thorndyke," interrupted the doctor.

"Yes, sir, but he thought you must have come back, and he sent me to about twenty places to inquire. There's something wrong with Lady Oswald, sir, and he wants to see you about it."

"What is it that's wrong?"

"Mr. Cray didn't explain to me, sir; but he said something about an operation. She's hurt internally, sir, I think."

"Where is Mr. Cray? Do you know?"

"He is gone to your house, sir. Somebody told him they saw your carriage going along, and Mr. Cray thought you might be at home. He—"

Dr. Davenal waited to hear no more. He made the best of his way towards home, but before he reached it, he met Mark Cray.

There, in the street, particulars were explained by Mr. Cray to Dr. Davenal, not altogether to the doctor's satisfaction. It appeared that Mark—very carelessly, but he excused himself on the plea of Lady Oswald's fractious refusal to be touched—had omitted to make a proper examination of her state on the previous night. The delay, though not fatal, was inexpedient, rendering the operation which must now be performed one of more difficulty than if it had been done at once; and Dr. Davenal spoke a few sharp words, the only sharp ones he had ever in his life spoken to Mark Cray.

"I told you it was my opinion there was some internal injury. You ought to have ascertained."

He turned his steps and proceeded at once and alone to the house of Lady Oswald.

She was in a grievous state of suffering; and that she had not appeared so on the previous night could only be attributed to partial insensibility. Dr. Davenal examined into her hurts with his practised skill, his gentle fingers, and he imparted to her as soothingly as possible the fact that an operation was indispensable. "Not a very grave one," he said with a smile, intended to reassure. "Nothing formidable, like the taking off of an arm or a leg."

But Lady Oswald refused her consent; as fractiously and positively as she had the previous night refused to be touched. She would have no operation performed on her,

SANDRINGHAM HALL, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Princes, like other mortals, feel the necessity of occasional retirement from the cares and business of the world. It was most likely more owing to this love of rural ease and rural sport, than from the absolute want of an additional residence, that Sandringham Hall was purchased in the early part of 1862. Osborne, although sufficiently extensive for the requirements of the Queen, does not possess accommodation for an additional household. Windsor Castle is a state country residence, and Balmoral, although a charming abode at times, is at some seasons bleak, and almost dismal; and besides, its distance from London precludes frequent visits. Sandringham Hall is free from these objections. By no means an imposing building, it is comfortable, and suited to its purpose, and is within three hours distance of Marlborough House.

The mansion is principally built of brick, stuccoed, and in exterior appearance is far inferior to many private houses in the county. It is surrounded by extensive plantations, and a rather pretty and well-wooded park of three hundred acres. The cottages on the Sandringham estate, like many of the cottage homes in the agricultural counties, are unfit for human families to dwell in; and it is gratifying to know that the Prince, having heard of their condition, has personally inspected and given orders for them to be rebuilt in a manner in which the proprieties and decencies of life will be taken into consideration. Neither is the Princess backward in the same good work; and both have shown in many ways, that they take an interest in the homes of their future subjects. Even the children are thought of. On the 9th of November last, the Prince's birthday, a dinner was given to the children of the parish, and the Princess went among them and expressed her pleasure at their enjoyment.

wine said, putting her to torture; they must cure her without it. Some time was lost in this unsatisfactory manner, and Mark Cray arrived while the contention was going on. Dr. Davenal was at length obliged to tell her a hard truth—that unless she submitted to it, her life must fall a sacrifice.

Then there came another phase of the obstinacy. When people are lying in the critical state that was Lady Oswald, hovering between life and death, it is surely unseemly to indulge in whims, in moods of childish caprice. If ever there is a time in the career of life that truth should reign pre-eminent, it is then: and these wilful caprices are born of a phase of feeling that surely cannot be called truth. Lady Oswald consented to the operation, but only on the condition that Mark Cray should perform it. What foolish caprice may have prompted this, it is impossible to say. Mark had been talking to her, very much as he would talk to a child to induce it to have a tooth drawn or a cut finger dressed: protesting that it "would not hurt her to speak of," that it "would be over, so to say, in no time." Dr. Davenal, more honest, held his tongue upon those points: it would not be over in "no time," and he knew that it would hurt her very much indeed. This it may have been that caused the wretched whim to arise, that Mark Cray should be the acting surgeon. And she held to it.

It was necessary that she should be allowed some repose after the state of excitement to which she had put herself, and half-past five was the hour named. Dr. Davenal and Mark appointed to be with her then.

"Mark," asked the doctor, as they walked away together, "are you sure of yourself?"

Dr. Davenal had had no experience hitherto of Mark Cray's skill as a surgeon, except in common cases. All critical operations, both at the infirmary and in private practice, the doctor took himself. Mark looked at the doctor in surprise as he heard the question.

"Sure! Why, of course I am. It's quite a simple thing, this."

"Simple enough where the hand is experienced and sure," remarked the doctor. "Not so simple where it is not."

"Of course I have not had your experience, Dr. Davenal; but I have had quite sufficient to ensure my accomplishing this, perhaps as skillfully as you could."

Mark spoke in a resentful tone; he did not like the reflection that he thought was cast upon him by the question. Dr. Davenal said no more. He supposed Mark *was* sure of his hand's skill.

"I shall give her chloroform," resumed Mark.

"No!" burst forth Dr. Davenal. He could not have interrupted more impetuously had he been interposing to dash it from her lips. He believed that Lady Oswald would be a very unfit subject for chloroform; one of those few to whom it is not safe to administer it; and he explained this to Mark Cray.

Mark turned restive. Strange to say, he who had hitherto been content to follow in the medical steps of Dr. Davenal, watching his treatment, pursuing the same, more as a pupil takes lessons of a master, than as a man in practice for himself, seemed inclined to turn restive now. Did Mark Cray, because he had married the doctor's niece, had become connected with him by private ties, was now a more equal partner, fully recognized—did he deem it well to exercise that right of independence which we all love, for it is inherent in the hearts of the best of us, and stand up for his own ways and his own will?"

"I like chloroform," he said. "I consider it one of the most blessed inventions of the age."

"Undoubtedly, where it can be safely used."

"I have used it fifty times," rejoined Mark.

"I have used it fifty and fifty to that," said the doctor, good-humoredly. "But, Mark, I never used it in my life upon a doubtful subject, and I never will."

"What do you call a doubtful subject?"

"What do I call a doubtful subject?" repeated the doctor. "You know as well as I. How many patients has chloroform killed? Upon certain natures——"

"Very few," interrupted Mark.

"Very few, as compared to the whole," acquiesced the doctor. "You may administer chloroform with perfect safety to ninety-nine patients, and you cannot to the hundredth. Upon certain natures, as I was about to observe, its effects may be fatal. And where there is this doubt, Mark, it should be acted upon."

"The cases are so rare."

"True. And the important thing for a medical man in these cases, is to discern where chloroform may be given with safety, and where it may not."

"It is impossible that he can do that with any certainty."

"Not at all," said Dr. Davenal. "I never knew my judgment fail. I believe it is a gift, this ability to distinguish the subtle difference in natures. Perhaps I may call it instinct more than judgment, for I think it could not deceive or lead me to an erroneous decision."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Mr. Cray. "My belief is, that I possess nothing of the sort. I think you must be talking of a species of second sight."

"Then, Mark," was the half-joking answer, "allow yourself to be guided by my 'second sight.' To speak seriously," the doctor continued, in a graver tone, "I know that there are many practitioners, clever men, who do not possess this peculiar insight into nature. It is a great gift for those who do. It can never be acquired by practice; it must be inherent——"

"I suppose you think I don't possess it," interrupted Mark.

"I don't think you do. But for one of us who possesses it, nine don't; so it is no disparagement to you to say so. To return to the question. Lady Oswald, in my opinion, would prove an unsafe subject for chloroform."

"She will make so much of the pain."

"Better that she should make much of it—ay, and feel it—than that any risk should be run. I cannot allow chloroform to be given to Lady Oswald."

Mark Cray demurred—not outwardly, for he said not another word—but inwardly. He was of that class of men who disbelieve what they cannot see. Some of us will look into a man's face and read his character, read him for what he is, as surely and unerringly as we read the pages of a book; but others of us, who do not possess this gift, cannot believe that it exists, laugh at and ridicule the very idea of it. Just so was it with Mark Cray. That assertion of Dr. Davenal's, that some faculty or instinct within him enabled him to discern where chloroform might and might not be administered, was utterly scouted by Mark Cray. That subtle instinct into nature, that unerring, rapidly formed judgment of a sick man's state, the mental grasping instantaneously of the disease and its remedy, Mark Cray possessed not. To the very end of his life he would never learn it. Dr. Davenal said that out of ten medical men only one would possess it, but he might have gone much further than that. How many do not possess it, and go on to their career's end unconscious of their deficiency, they themselves will never know. Mark could see no reason why Lady Oswald should not be eased of her pain by the aid of chloroform; he did not for a moment believe the doctor could; he regarded it as a crotchet, and a very foolish one. But he suffered the question to rest, and resentfully supposed he must bow to the decision of his senior-partner.

"Shall I call for you, Mark?" asked the doctor, as they separated. "I shall go up in the carriage."

"Oh no, thank you. I'd as soon walk. You intend to be present?"

"Of course I shall be," replied the doctor. "Lady Oswald is my patient, in point of fact—not yours, Mark."

"Then I need not ask Berry. I thought of asking him to be present."

"You can do just as you please about that. If you like him to look on at you, you can have him. Twenty-five minutes after five, remember, punctual. You'll want the full day-light."

As they parted, a feeling was in Mark's heart that he would not have liked to confess to the doctor, and that perhaps he did not care to encourage, and did not choose to dwell upon. He felt perfectly sure of his own skill; he was not nervous, nobody less so; and yet there was a half-reluctance in his mind to perform that operation in the presence of Dr. Davenal, the skilled and accomplished operator. Surely the reluctance could only have sprung from a latent doubt of whether he ought to make so sure of himself. A *latent* doubt, one not suffered to appear; down far in the depths of his heart it lay, so deep that perhaps Mark thought it was not there at all, that it was only fancy."

He had a great deal rather have had Berry with him—that, he acknowledged openly enough to himself. Surgeon Berry was a man of fair average skill, superior to Mark in experience, and he and Mark were great friends. Did Mark fear that the presence of the more finished and perfect surgeon, with his critical eye, his practised judgment, would render him nervous—as a candidate for the Civil Service examinations will break down simply because those examining eyes are on him? No, Mark Cray feared nothing of the sort; and he could not have told, had he been pressed, why he would have preferred the absence of Dr. Davenal. He had looked on many a time at the doctor in such cases: but that was a different thing.

His thoughts were interrupted by Julius Wild. The young man accosted him to inquire if there were any orders—whether he should be wanted.

"Yes," said Mr. Cray. "Lady Oswald's case is fixed for this afternoon. You be up there with the dressings and things."

"Very well, sir," replied the young man, feeling some surprise, for he was not in the habit of attending privately with Dr. Davenal. "Am I to go to Dr. Davenal's for them?"

"No. You can get them from the infirmary."

"The infirmary!" thought Julius Wild to himself. "Can *he* be going to take the operation?"—for Mr. Cray's surgical apparatus was kept at the infirmary. He did not ask; his professional master seemed unusually silent—not to say cross.

"What time?" he inquired of Mr. Cray.

"Be at Lady Oswald's a little before half-past ——."

The blank above is put intentionally, for it cannot be told with certainty what hour was really said by Mr. Cray. In the discussions upon it that ensued afterwards, Julius Wild declared in the most positive manner that it was *six*. "A little before half-past six." Mr. Cray asserted with equal pertinacity that he had said five. "A little before half-past five." Which of the two was right it was impossible to ascertain. Mark Cray said he should not be likely to make the mistake: the time, half-past five, had been just fixed upon with Dr. Davenal, had been repeated by word of mouth, and he had never thought of the hour, six, at all. There was plausible reason in that, certainly. On the other hand, Julius Wild was known for a clear-headed, steady, accurate young man, and he protested he could stake his life upon his correctness in this instance. He said the thought crossed his mind when Mr. Cray named it, that half-past six would be the dusk hour, and he rather wondered within himself that it should have been chosen.

However it may have been, the misapprehension did occur between them.

PART XIII.

MARK CRAY'S "MISTAKE."

When Dr. Davenal entered his own home, dinner had been over some time. It was their custom to dine early on Sunday; and the general rule was, by Dr. Davenal's wish, not to keep meals waiting for him. Neal admitted him, and then came for orders. Should he bring up the dinner?

"Not the dinner," said Dr. Davenal; "just a bit of something upon a plate. I am not hungry: I had a late breakfast at Thorndyke. Has anybody been here for me?"

"No, sir. I think Mr. Cray took your patients. He has been here—"

"I know all about that," interrupted the doctor.

He passed Neal, and went on to the garden parlor, a favorite room of his daughter's. She was there alone, seated before the open glass doors. How peaceful it all looked! The green lawn stretching out in front, the bright hues of the autumn flowers, the calm purity of the dark blue sky lying in the stillness of the Day of Rest. Sara Davenal had that good Book upon her lap; but she was not then reading it. She had closed it in deep thought. Her sweet face was turned upwards, her eyes were filled with tears from the intensity of her gaze; it seemed that she was looking for something in the autumn sky. The extreme calm, the aspect of peace, struck forcibly on the senses of Dr. Davenal, and he remembered it in the days to come. It was the last day of peace for him; it was the last day of peace for Sara: henceforth the world was to change for both of them. Ere the morrow's sun should rise, a great care, a great trouble would be tugging at their heart-strings; a skeleton would be there to keep; a secret, that must be hidden for very safety's sake, would have taken up its abode there.

Dr. Davenal was upon her so quickly that she could not conceal her glistening eyes. She started up to welcome him, and laid down the book. Owing to that most attentive habit of Neal's, of being on the watch and opening the door before people could get to it, she had not heard him come home.

"Oh, papa, is it you? You have been away a long while."

"Sit down," he said, pressing her into her chair again. "What's the grief, Sara?"

"No grief, papa. I was only thinking."

"What about? The accident last night?"

"Oh no, not that. I hear that everybody's going on quite well. I was thinking—I was wondering—somehow I often get thinking of these things on a Sunday, when I am sitting alone, and the sky seems so calm and near."

"Well, what where you thinking?"

"I was wondering whether they who are gone can look down and see us—see me just as I sit here looking up—whether they can read my thoughts? We seem so divided, papa: you and I and Edward left; mamma and Richard, and the two little ones who were between me and Edward, gone."

"Divided for a short while only, child."

"Yes, I know. The only one I can remember well is Richard. I am beginning to lose almost all recollection of mamma. But Richard—papa! at times I seem to see him before me now."

Dr. Davenal turned to the window and stood with his back to Sara, looking out. She repented having spoken of her brother: somehow the words had slipped out in the fulness of her thoughts. Rising, she stole her hand into Dr. Davenal's.

"I forgot, papa," she softly whispered.

"Forgot what, my child?" he asked.

"Nay, it might be just as well if we all spoke more of Richard, instead of shunning his name. Silence will not bring him back to us."

"Ah no, it will not!"

"And when once griefs can be talked of, their sting becomes less poignant. Did the post bring any letters this morning?" the doctor added, after a pause.

"Not for you, papa. There was one—how could I forget to tell you!—there was one for me from Edward."

"And what does he say?"

"He has not been able to get leave yet. At least, from the tenor of his letter, I don't much think he has asked for it. He says there's a great deal to do; that the preparations are going on very quickly; but no orders have been received yet as to the day for embarking. As soon as they are issued he will let us know."

"But he means to come down?"

"Oh yes. He will be sure to come, he says, though it should be to arrive by one train and return by the next. He writes in great spirits, and asks me—in a joke you know, papa—if I will pack up my boxes and go out with him."

"He——What is it, Neal? My dinner?'

"Yes, sir. It is served."

And now the scene must change to Lady Oswald's. The house was prepared for what was going to take place, and Dr. Davenal arrived rather before the time appointed, Mr. Cray five minutes after it. Mr. Cray was in a heat, and had evidently come at much speed, conscious, probably, that the time had expired. Lady Oswald was in her bed-chamber when Mr. Cray came up, Dr. Davenal in the ante-chamber.

"Where's Wild?" exclaimed Mr. Cray, throwing his eyes round the room.

"I have not seen him," replied the doctor.

"It is very inattentive of him not to be here. I told him the hour. Have you seen her?" added Mr. Cray, in a whisper.

"Yes. She is all right. Are you ready?"

"No, I am not ready," replied Mr. Cray. "Wild is bringing up the dressings."

"I have everything with me," said Dr. Davenal. "I have brought all."

In the room with Lady Oswald was her maid, Parkins. And the very moment that Dr. Davenal set his eyes on Parkins's ashy pale face, he knew that she would be better out of the room than in it. He said something to the effect, but Lady Oswald evidently wished for her, and Parkins avowed her intention of being as brave as need be.

Time was being wasted. Marcus Cray, in a fidgety sort of manner, went down twice after his expected pupil. He opened the hall-door and stood there looking out for him; and he did this twice over, for no sooner did he get up stairs the first time than he went back again. Dr. Davenal could not exactly make him out. Mr. Wild was not required in any way; and a half doubt stole over Dr. Davenal whether Mark Cray could be wilfully prolonging the minutes, as people will put off things they do not care to enter upon, from nervousness, dislike, or other causes. And, though he threw the doubt from him as an absurd improbability, he began to wish again to be the operator.

"Cray, I had better take this."

Marcus fired up, and spoke out at the top of his voice. He would prefer to take it himself, Dr. Davenal permitting him.

Spoke out so loud that he was heard by Lady Oswald. She interrupted the discussion—if discussion it might be called—and settled it.

"It should be only done by Mr. Cray."

"Very well," said Dr. Davenal in a low tone to his partner. "Be it so. But why do you wait, Mark?"

"I want that fellow to be here."

"He is not required. We shall have Lady Oswald get exhausted."

And Mark Cray, seeing the wisdom of the plea, made no further delay.

You will not wish to be present at this operation, or to have its details transcribed. Hallingham did not know them for many a long day. But one or two things must be mentioned.

At the very instant of its commencement, when Mark Cray was bending over Lady Oswald, there came something falling forward to the ground which brushed against him. It was brave Parkins, gone down in a fainting fit. Lady Oswald became agitated; she shrieked out and would have risen had it been in her power. Dr. Davenal moved round and bore the senseless Parkins from the rooms.

He could not throw her down outside like a dog. He had to call some of the household and tell them what to do with her. Then she began to start and kick in incipient convulsions: altogether it was three or four minutes before Dr. Davenal got back to the room. It seemed to be delay after delay, as if the operation was fated not to be begun that day.

The operation, however, was begun, he found. When he got back, Mark had plunged into it. Dr. Davenal stepped up to him, and stood overlooking him with his unerring eye—that eye which Mark had dreaded.

Was it in consequence of that that Mark Cray lost—what shall we call it?—his presence of mind—his surgical skill? A suppressed sound, half indignation, half dismay, escaped the lips of Dr. Davenal, and he pushed Mark aside with an authoritative hand and took his place. What could have come over Mark? What ailed him? Lady Oswald was offering no opposition, for she lay perfectly still.

So still, so voiceless, that in the midst of his work it struck strangely on the senses of Dr. Davenal. He paused a moment to regard her attentively, and then glanced at Mark, one single word only escaping him.

"Chloroform?"

"Yes," said Mark. "I judged it best."

It was all that passed. Whatever Dr. Davenal may have felt, he could express neither doubt nor remonstrance then. His whole attention had to be concentrated on the work he was performing. Mark stood by and watched, saying nothing.

At length it was over—admirably performed, as all operations were performed, undertaken by Dr. Davenal. But Lady Oswald still lay without sense or motion, and they could not arouse her.

"You must have given her a great deal," observed Dr. Davenal, who was still occupied.

Which Mark Cray did not attempt to deny.

"She required it. The fall of that stupid woman excited her terribly. The first lot made no impression on her; she did not seem to inhale it."

"But—good heavens! You did not wait long enough to see. Mark Cray, this is a mistake, and an awful one."

Mark made no reply. Mark was doing all in his power to undo his work, and arouse Lady Oswald, but he could not. Dr. Davenal touched his shoulder, and spoke upon a different subject.

"You told me you were sure of yourself."

Mark scarcely knew what he answered. Something to the effect that he always had been sure until now; but his words were very indistinct.

"What incapacity came over you? What was its cause?"

It was impossible for Mark Cray to deny that incapacity had attacked him; that Lady Oswald, under his hands, would have been in the greatest danger. Its cause he could not account for, but that common expression, "losing all presence of mind," would best describe it as it really was, and as it had appeared to Dr. Davenal. The drops of sweat stood out on his brow now as large as peas.

"The woman's fall startled me," he attempted to say. "At such a moment it takes but a little to unnerve a man."

"Then, if so, he is not fit for a surgeon," returned Dr. Davenal. "Mark Cray," he continued, gravely and firmly, but not unkindly, "you must never in my presence attempt a critical operation again. Recollect that."

Once more their whole attention was given to Lady Oswald; their best efforts were exerted to arouse her from the effects of the chloroform. All in vain, all useless; it had done its work too effectually.

By degrees the horror of the conviction, that she could not be aroused—never more would be aroused—came pressing upon them deeper and deeper. Mark Cray wiped his hot face, and felt that he would give all he was worth to recall that one act of his—the surreptitiously conveying the chloroform to the house, which he had himself so successfully accomplished, and regarded as a cause of self-congratulation. Why had he not attended to the experienced opinion of Dr. Davenal—that Lady Oswald was one of those upon whom chloroform was not unlikely to be fatal? That it would be fatal in this case, Mark felt as certain now as if the breath had actually passed forever from her body. A horrible fear came over him, and he once more lost all calmness, all self-possession.

"Dr. Davenal, for the love of God, do not betray me! Do not let it go forth to the world as my wilful act, one you warned me against. It was a dreadful mistake; I shall carry it about with me in my heart forever—but do not betray me to the world!"

He had seized the doctor's hands, and was pressing them nervously in his. His troubled face gazed imploringly upwards; his bitter tone of repentance struck sadly on the ear. Dr. Davenal did not immediately speak, and Mark Cray resumed.

"For Caroline's sake!" he entreated. "If this mistake becomes known in all its unhappy details, my professional doom is sealed. Never again, so long as I live, as you and I are together, will I attempt to act on my opinion in opposition to yours. Be merciful to us, Dr. Davenal! For her and my sake, conceal it from the condemning world."

And Dr. Davenal yielded. Ever merciful, ever striving to act in accordance with those great precepts of love and mercy which One came down eighteen hundred years ago to teach, he yielded to the prayer of the unhappy and agitated man before him. His own partner, Caroline's husband—no, he could not, would not, bring upon him the obloquy of the world.

"I will keep the secret, Mark Cray. Be easy; you have my promise."

The unhappy tidings were made known to the household—that their mistress could not yet be aroused from the effect of the chloroform which had been administered with a view of saving her pain; and they came flocking in. She was not dead; but she was lying still and motionless; and the means for recalling life went on. Mark Cray continued his efforts when all hope was gone, trying every means, probable and improbable, in his madness. Had a battery been at hand he would have essayed galvanism.

Alas! they might as well have sought to arouse a stone statue. Never more would there be any arousing for poor Lady Oswald in this world. Death was claiming her: uncompromising, not-to-be-denied death!

Parkins, considerably recovered from her own attack, out in a shaky and tearful state, had come into the room with the rest. Parkins seemed inclined to rebel at the state of things; to question everybody, to cast blame somewhere.

"Why should chloroform have been given to her?" she asked Mr. Cray.

"It was given with a view to deaden the pain," was Mark's short answer.

"But, sir, the operation was all but begun, if not begun, when I—when I—fainted: and there had been no question then of giving her chloroform."

"No, and it was your fainting that did three parts of the mischief," savagely returned Mr. Cray, who felt it the greatest relief to be able to lay the blame upon somebody. "It put her into a most undesirable state of agitation. I should think you must have heard her shriek, in spite of your fainting fit."

The words, the angry tone, completely did for Parkins, and she subsided into tears again. A few minutes, and Dr. Davenal turned from the ill-fated lady to her servants standing there.

"It is all over. She is gone."

And the doctor looked at his watch, and found that only one poor hour had elapsed since he had entered the house to perform that operation which had altogether terminated so fatally. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 20, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE POLES.

We confess to not feeling the same enthusiasm in the cause of Polish "liberty" that we did a number of years ago, when we were fresh from the reading of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Pleasures of Hope." Campbell and Miss Porter should be held in high veneration by all the "patriotic" party of Poland, for their enthusiastic appeals in prose and verse, have done more to enlist the sympathies of the English and American peoples on behalf of Poland, than probably all other influences combined. They take hold of the youthful heart when it is soft and easily susceptible to impressions, and stamp upon it a sympathy with an oppressed and heroic race, which it is exceedingly difficult to counteract by any after appeals.

But are the Polish "patriots" deserving of our sympathy to the extent to which they have been in the habit of receiving it? We fear not. We fear that the Polish "patriots" have generally had simply in view the freedom of their own aristocratic class, and that they never designed to achieve the freedom of the great bulk of the Polish people. And probably this has been one reason of their continual failures. Why should the serf care whether he was the serf of a Polish or a Russian lord?

We remember, about ten years ago, to have been favored with an introduction to and several visits from an exiled Polish "patriot." We found, upon conversation with the gentleman in question, that his love of freedom was simply a love for his own rights and privileges. He loved freedom for himself, but not for others, if those others happened to be poor and degraded. And the result was that we lost a large portion of our sympathy for this Polish exile, thinking that he for one probably had received about what he deserved.

Our conversations with the exile in question have been brought to our mind by a recent article in Chambers's Journal, giving an account of a visit made about three years ago to a wealthy family in Russian Poland. The account seems to be written by a lady, and we think the quotations we make from it, and which our readers will find in another column, will enlighten them a little as to the true condition of affairs in that country. As Russia has given liberty to the serfs, she probably has made all that class of the population her friends, as Austria did some years ago in Austrian Poland.

JEALOUSY.

The *London Times*, in a recent answer to a speech by Mr. Milner Gibson, says:—

"Mr. M. Gibson cannot, surely, demand from us that we should absolutely wish the United States to retain their 'integrity,' or now recover it, so as to make a vast political unity of the kind Mr. Bright describes? That would be to wish our own abasement and our own destruction. Does he think that, merely in the interest of philanthropy and commercial prosperity, we wish all the continent of Europe to become united under one government, and be administered by one majority, or one man? Where should we be in that case? Where would Europe itself be? Yet few can doubt that Europe would use its aggregate power more justly and more generously than a vast American federation. England does not wish the disunion of its neighbors, so long as they are indeed its neighbors; but it cannot possibly help wishing the disunion of those who are uniting with a view to universal dominion or ascendancy."

There is a frankness about the above that can easily be understood—it is not the *interest* of England (in the opinion of the *Times*) that America should be united, therefore the sympathy of the *Times* is with the rebellion.

But is it not the interest of the whole world—England inclusive—that great governments or Unions, strong enough to exist without the aid of large armies and navies, should take the place of small contending states, each armed to the teeth as a necessity of its existence?"

We do not think that the American Union will be apt to aspire to universal dominion or ascendancy; but if it ever should, and thus, by giving Europe an alien foe to fear, force the quarrelsome nations of that continent into a common feeling, a common brotherhood, and, ultimately, a Federal Union, in their turn, we think the *people* of Europe would gain instead of losing by the foreign danger and foreign pressure.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—We call attention to the advertisement of this agricultural monthly in our advertising columns. We consider it one of the best periodicals of its class in the country, and can well believe the publisher when he says, that "no care or expense is spared to make every line useful and reliable."

GEMS AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

The Poles have a fanciful belief that each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone or *gem*, which influence has a corresponding effect on the destiny of a person born during the respective month. The *gems* and their influences corresponding with each *month*, are as follows:—

January,	Garnet,	Constancy and fidelity.
February,	Amethyst,	Sincerity.
March,	Bloodstone,	Courage, presence of mind.
April,	Diamond,	Innocence.
May,	Emerald,	Success in love.
June,	Agate,	Health and long life.
July,	Cornelian,	Contented mind.
August,	Sardony,	Conjugal felicity.
September,	Chrysolite,	Antidote against madness.
October,	Opal,	Hope.
November,	Topaz,	Fidelity.
December,	Turquoise,	Prosperity.

It is, therefore, customary among friends and lovers, on birth-days, to make reciprocal presents of trinkets, ornamented with the *natal* gems.

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See, what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And, it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen are called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called *elite*, and the *elite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular public."

☞ A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have ever stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandmother."

☞ A clergyman travelling in California encountered a panther, of which he subsequently wrote as follows: "I looked at him long enough to note his brown and glossy coat, his big glaring eyes, his broad and well-developed muzzle, and his capacious jaws, when both of us left the spot, and, I am pleased to add, in opposite directions."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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Owing to the confusion resulting from the fire, some of our auxiliary societies will receive two letters of acknowledgment.

Miss M. A. Leitzinger, of Port Kennedy, was elected an Associate Manager of the W. P. B., January 25th, for a section of Montgomery county.

In unpacking a box sent from one of our auxiliary societies, some weeks since, we came across a jar of sweetmeats marked, "Let us know if this tastes good," or words to that effect. A soldier happening in at that moment, from one of our hospitals, a lady turned to him and said: "You had better taste of this, and give your testimony in its favor." The soldier took the jar, and read the name of the donor, and the town from which it was contributed—finding, to his surprise, that it was sent from his own neighborhood, and that he knew the party sending it. This is an offset to the story told so frequently, that a soldier bought a jar of jelly, and found upon the paper label the name of his mother, who had contributed it to the Sanitary Commission. We learn through Mrs. Holstein, that an English surgeon, who was connected with the Second Corps, informed her that this story originated during the Crimean war, and that he had heard it from the lips of Florence Nightingale.

One little incident, related by Mrs. Holstein, we narrate for the encouragement of Aid Societies in a work which sometimes may seem unnecessary to them—that of stamping or marking with their own label the articles which they make. In the General Hospital at Gettysburg, a man from Maine, with a shattered arm, watched, from his cot, a New York State Agent distributing supplies to the men from that State, and turning to Mrs. Holstein, said, in a complaining tone, "Why don't the folks in Maine send us something? I think they have forgotten all about us Maine boys." Mrs. Holstein told him that he was mistaken; and going to her tent, procured from some Sanitary Commission Stores a woollen shirt, labelled with the name of a Bangor Aid Society; and ripping one of the arm seams, sewed on some tapes and took it to him. He was overjoyed at seeing the familiar name, and as delighted as a child with a new toy when she put it on him. "His folks" had not forgotten him, and he was never heard to murmur again.

A Mr. Bloor, of the Central Office in Washington, writes:—"There is a call just now for yarn with which to darn worn-out socks in the hospitals. I once thought that we should never get rid of our surplus of towels, handkerchiefs, and needle-books, but we have exhausted all, and a fresh supply is urgently needed. The staple wants continue to be *dried fruit, woollen underclothing*, bed and *pillow-ticks* and sheets; and I should be glad to have a supply of cast-off, warm upper clothing, coats, pantaloons and vests.

THE MODEL BOY OF A MODEL REGIMENT.

The 33d Illinois Regiment is known as the "Normal Regiment," from the fact that it is composed largely of school teachers, graduates of normal institutes. The regiment is commanded by Col. Hovey, late President of —— College.

Of course the moral tone of officers and men is of a high order. The following pleasing incident will bear relating:—The Surgeon of the Regiment, Dr. Rex, was one day in Mr. Plattenburg's rooms, drawing a requisition from the sanitary stores, when Plattenburg, undoing a fine pair of socks, said to the surgeon: "Doctor, make that pair a present to that boy in your regiment who neither uses profane language, chews tobacco, smokes, or drinks intoxicating liquors." A short time afterward the following letter was received by Mr. Plattenburg, brought by the bearer therein mentioned:

IN CAMP, June 11, 1862.

My Dear Sir:—Allow me to introduce to you Mr. William Burlingame, of Co. E, 33d Illinois Regiment. You desired me to give that nice pair of socks to the boy who did not use tobacco, liquor, nor profane language, and I am happy to say to you the bearer is that individual. He is not only a soldier *for* his country, but a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and I thought you would like to take such an one by the hand, and bid him God speed and persevere in well doing.

Yours, in haste, GEO. P. REX,
Surgeon, 33d Illinois Reg.

I may add as a sequel to the above incident, that the good effects produced in the company of which young Burlingame is a member, drew forth the following observation from the Captain:—"The value of that pair of socks to my company is not to be computed by money."

THE DELEGATE'S STORY.

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of our brave fellows had fallen, never to bear arms again in their country's cause, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent of a delegate of the Christian Commission and said: "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away."

Hurriedly following the soldier, says the delegate, I was taken to the hospital and led to a bed, upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained, from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand, I said to him—"Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said:—"Chaplain, cut a *big lock from here for mother!—for mother*, mind, chaplain." I hesitated to do it. He said, "Don't be afraid, chaplain, to disfigure my hair. It's for my mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead-house to-morrow."

I did as he requested me. "Now, chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me and *return thanks to God*" "For what?" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh! chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. Oh! what could I do now if I wasn't a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.' Thank him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—there where there is no war nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where *I'll see Jesus*, and be forever with the Lord."

I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother—a Christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God's faithfulness.

Shortly after the prayer he said, "Good by, chaplain. If you ever see mother, tell her *it was all well!*"

DONATIONS.

CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE United States Sanitary Commission, (Philadelphia branch), office of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions since the last report:

Wm. R. Lejee, additional	$50 00
Allentown Iron Company	100 00
Proceeds of a fair and concert held in Chester, Delaware county, Pa., per Mrs. Samuel Leiper and Miss Felton	1,700 00
John Rohlen, additional	100 00
Jacob P. Jones, additional	50 00
Thomas Kimber, Jr., additional	100 00
Eureka Lodge, No. 335, A. Y. Free Masons, at Montourville, Lycoming county, Pa.	24 00
	2,124 00
Previously reported	124,553 63
Total	$126,677 63

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, Philadelphia Agency, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Monday, Feb. 8th, 1864. The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, also acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Mrs. H. D. Haven, Sec'y, 1 bbl. apples; Ladies' Aid, McConnellsburg, Mrs. M. A. McConnell, Sec'y, 1 box; ladies of Baptist and 2nd Presbyterian churches, Williamsport, Lycoming co., 1 bbl., 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Glenwood, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Vincentttown, Burlington co., N. J., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss Clara C. Gries, Sec'y, 6 boxes, 1 bbl; George J. Gross, 1 pkg; 1 keg tamarinds, donor unknown; Ladies' Aid, Hollidaysburg, Blair co., Mrs. Banks, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dickson, Sec'y, 1 box; St. Mark's Lutheran church, 2 pkgs; St. Thomas's church, Whitemarsh, 1 box; Hebrew Aid Society, Miss E. Moss, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Mrs. Griffitts, 1 pkg; Tioga and Mid Creek Aid Society, Tioga co., Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Mrs. A. B. Cummings, 1 pkg; Mrs. R. H. Small, 1 pkg; Finny church, 1 pkg; Weldon Aid Society, Montgomery co., Mrs. J. Russell Smith, Sec'y, 14 woolen shirts, 73 pairs drawers; Miss M. B. Thomas, West Chester, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. W. F. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg. clothing; All Saints' church, Torresdale, Mrs. Grant, Sec'y, 1 pkg; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, H. Jenkins, Sec'y, 1 bbl; Ladies' Aid, Nittany and Bald Eagle, 1 box; ladies of Princeton, N. J., per Miss J. T. Smith, 1 box.

LIFE IN POLAND.

FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Some years ago, circumstances brought me into relation with a Polish family, then residing in Paris. This acquaintanceship had ripened into friendship, when we met accidentally at Dresden, three years ago. They were then on their way to their northern home, and I yielded to their often repeated and very pressing invitation to accompany them there, though the prospect of a winter in Poland had no great attraction for me.

The S—— family—I spare my readers the orthography of their name: if they wish to have an idea of it, let them imagine some dozens of consonants shaken up together; well, my friends of the unpronounceable name, were rich proprietors of Russian Poland. * * * * * * *

We travelled slowly through a flat monotonous district. I could not help thinking of the exclamation of the soldiers of Napoleon's *grande armee* on viewing those endless plains: "Et ils appellent cela une patrie!" (And they call that a country)

Count S—— observing that it was not an admiring glance I cast on his native land, remarked: "What seems to you so uninteresting, is pleasing to our eyes. I own that an estate on the banks of the Rhine, in Switzerland, or even in France or England, is more picturesque; but our landed property, if not so enchanting to the gaze, yields more than triple that of other countries, as much as ten per cent." I looked around at the productive land, but its ten-per-cent. value did not enhance it in my eyes.

We passed through several dirty, muddy towns, in traversing the streets of which, I was obliged to hold my handkerchief to my face, the smell was so offensive. Nothing seemed clean but the Russian churches, with their white walls surmounted by three crosses. We occasionally reposed for a few hours in an inn, kept by Jews—more than half the population of these small towns being Jewish. The accommodation was miserable. The best room contained a table and a few chairs, and around the once white-washed walls, what seemed to me to be large wooden boxes, but which were in reality beds. Travellers who did not bring their bedding, were accommodated with straw spread over these wooden sofas. Mattresses, sheets, and pillows are unknown luxuries. In the cabins, the peasantry sleep on their stoves, and it is not unfrequent to hear of a family being suffocated in their sleep.

At length our weary pilgrimage was at an end. Four days after our departure from Lemberg, we arrived at Ostrowski—so I shall call the residence of Count S——. It was a spacious building, of two stories; on each side were wings, which, with the railing and entry, formed a square. The wings were inhabited by what they call *writers*, that is, those employed in overseeing and making out the accounts; the steward and his family the *maitre d'hotel* and the maids. Many of the men servants were married, and, their wives and families inhabited little cabins in the neighborhood. They were obliged to be at their service at daybreak, and it was generally past midnight when they left. Nothing can be more uncomfortable than the domestic arrangements for the servants; but then, it is true, they are slaves.

I imagine that about a hundred slaves were employed as servants in the establishment of Count S——. The head-cook had, I think, a dozen assistants; the coachman as many. All the servants were under the direction of the maitre d'hotel, who, when anything went amiss in the service, had them beaten. In England, people imagine that the Russians alone employ the knout; but the poor Polish serf could tell another tale, both men and women being subjected to the same cruel punishment.

The maitre d'hotel, I was told, was not a slave, and every Pole who is not so considers himself noble; so, should a worthy individual of this sort save enough money to make a journey, he will style himself prince or count. There are really no titles in Poland, except those conferred by the Emperor of Russia; yet who ever met a Pole abroad who had not Count or Prince prefixed to his name? At Ostrowski, all the arrangements were comfortable and elegant; no Parisian establishment could surpass it; everything that wealth could procure was there, arranged or distributed with taste. In one of the drawing-rooms the walls were coveted with embroidered white satin; all the furniture corresponded. Something of the old Polish way of living would occasionally peep through this splendor. All the family assembled at eight o'clock to take coffee. They handed round, on a silver tray, a set of little earthen jugs, containing the provision of milk for each person. I remember, one morning, Countess S—— observed to the maitre d'hotel that the milk had a slightly burned taste. Upon the next occasion, she said gayly: "I hope that our breakfast is eatable to-day." "Oh, mamma," said Anna, "you may be sure that it has been well cared for, as my maid told me that Pauline was beaten yesterday for letting the milk be burned." The Countess and all present heard this with the utmost indifference, and as a matter of course. I was horror-struck, and a great deal of my predilection for Poles vanished forever.

There is a fine park at Ostrowski, laid out with great taste, but just outside are the wretched mud-huts of the serfs. I saw numbers of the latter working in groups; and their appearance struck me painfully. I can now easily understand the great revenues that Polish estates yield. When Count S—— drew near where the slaves were at work, both men and women stooped down, as if to kiss his feet. This servile mode of saluting was the ordinary one.

When Count S—— rejoined us, I asked him if he ever heard that Louis XIV. took off his hat to a waiting-maid, because she was a woman. Indeed, it was not necessary to go so far for an example of delicate courtesy, for the Russian *diplomate*, Prince G——, is known in similar circumstances to have acted as the French monarch did; but, of course, in speaking to a Pole, I could not cite a Russian. In answer to my remark he said: "Que voulez-vous? Our slaves look on a proprietor as a god: it is not my fault if they salute me so; it is the custom here."

As we continued our walk, I saw a number of women who came to wash different utensils in a pond; such wild, uncivilized-looking creatures I had never yet beheld. The coarse linen garment they wore as a dress was fastened up much higher than the knees, without any regard to decency. These poor creatures seemed devoid of the modesty that is everywhere an attribute of women; slavery had degraded their nature; they were in a deplorable state of subjection and ignorance. The rich Pole, whose countless wealth dazzles the Parisian, with his diamonds, fur, and equipages, rarely thinks of spending a penny on alleviating the misery or raising the moral character of his unfortunate serfs, the source of all his wealth.

That there are some good and humane proprietors, there is no doubt, and a few chosen slaves enjoy luxuries unknown to the poorer classes in civilized countries; but that proves merely that everywhere are to be found some persons whose sentiments and actions honor humanity; but alas! how many are there who disgrace it—for one slave who was perhaps spoiled, hundreds were ill-treated. Thanks to the Emperor Alexander, slavery no longer exists. I was in Poland when the ukase was promulgated. The miserable peasants had but a faint idea of the benefit conferred on them; and the Polish proprietor was most hostile to the innovation, because it diminished his revenues. When the poor serfs, wishing to taste their newly-acquired liberty, refused to work as usual, instead of having it explained to them in how far they were free, they were unmercifully beaten, both men and women. I used to be heart-sick at the mention of the martyrdoms that they were subjected to: and would have thought it incredible, had I not been on the spot. I heard a gentleman, who was on a visit at Ostrowski, say: "There is no bearing our slaves, since they imagine that they are independent. Before I left home, I had a dozen men, and as many women, beaten, just to show them that I am still their master. A few days before, I found the head-cook enlightening the others on their rights; so I had the fellow severely flogged? It is very fortunate for Poland that it is so far away and little known; a great deal of honest English sympathy would be singularly diminished, were the public aware of the real state of things in that unfortunate country.

Most of the Polish ladies speak French, but many of the men do not; they and the Russians have, however, a wonderful facility for speaking foreign languages without any accent, so as to be taken for natives of the country where they reside.

It was soon the turn of the S—— family to pay visits, so we set off in a large-coach, drawn by six horses, three abreast in the Russian style; half a-dozen little ponies, left to their own guidance, trotted along beside the horses; a wagon followed, carrying the trunks, bedding, &c.; for when you arrive in a Polish house, they give you a room, bedstead, chairs, and a table sometimes; but all the rest you must furnish yourself. Just imagine a lady or gentleman arriving at an English country-house on a visit, bringing with them their bed, bedding, basin, jug, &c.

Towards evening, we arrived at our destination. Our host sent a number of men carrying lighted branches of fir-trees to accompany us. The wild-looking peasants, the strange illumination, casting a red glare all around, struck me like some unearthly scene on the stage. The S—— family were received with great demonstrations of affection by their friends, to the serious detriment of the complexions of the hostess and her daughters. Anna, with her usual giddiness, wiped her lips in a most ostentatious manner. The gentlemen's salutation to each other was equally tender, for Russians and Poles have a greater facility for kissing even than for languages. They embrace on birth-days, on festivals, on arriving, on leaving—in fact, from one end of the year to the other. At St. Petersburg, on New Year's Day, at the grand review, the Emperor kisses an officer, he another, and so on to the last soldier.

An interminable dinner awaited us. After the dessert, the gentlemen coolly lighted their cigars, and the ladies their cigarettes. We were soon enveloped in thick smoke. Countess S——, though she interdicted smoking at her own table or in her drawing-room, had her cigarette like the others. I mentally calculated how long I was to be exposed to this torture. At length the lady of the house led the way to the drawing-room, where dancing was kept up half the night. I feared it would be prolonged till the moment to step into the carriage, for we were to leave early in the morning.

One of the young ladies accompanied me to my room. It was on entering it that I became aware of the destination of the contents of the cart; the apartment was transformed into the one I occupied at Ostrowski, bedding, carpeting, even to the candlesticks. I looked round, rubbed my eyes, touched the furniture, to convince myself that I was not dreaming. Pondering on the originality of Polish establishments, I was preparing for rest when I perceived that another person's trunk had been left in my room instead of mine. I was going to ring the bell, but none was to be found—it is an almost unknown luxury in a Polish country-house; so, taking a light, I went to seek one of the maids. In traversing quickly a long, dark corridor, my foot struck against some obstacle; I fell down; a scream, followed by several other screams, terrified me. I saw a dozen wild-looking heads start up. As soon as I recovered sufficiently to look about me, I saw a number of persons lying on heaps of straw. I retreated in haste to my room. Soon after, a woman knocked at my door, asking me what I wished for. I explained the mistake to her, and asked why the persons who had so frightened me, were not in their rooms at that hour. "We have no rooms," she answered: "when the family retire, we servants lie down where we can."

☞ An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged himself in right good potheen, was accosted by the inspecting general—"What makes your face look so red?" "Please your honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a general officer."

☞ An Alabamian, a few days since, went out to see the depot of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he shouted to one, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

LATEST NEWS.

The Folly Island correspondent of the Boston Herald says that a rebel ram, in company with a cigar-shaped torpedo boat, came down the creek in the rear of Sullivan's Island to attempt to destroy the gunboats Housatonic and Nipsic, but the infernal machine sunk, carrying down ten of the crew. Ten rebel soldiers have arrived within our lines, and report Charleston badly damaged by Gilmore's shells.

The express train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad which left Baltimore on Thursday night was captured by a company of rebels near Kearneysville depot, about eight miles west of Harper's Ferry. No prisoners were taken, but the passengers were indiscriminately robbed. About $30,000 in money, and a considerable amount in jewelry, were taken.

A Richmond paper of Thursday, found on the person of a rebel deserter who came into our lines, states that one hundred and nine Union officers have escaped from Libby Prison, by digging a tunnel under the street. It is supposed that the prisoners have been engaged upon the work about a month. Four of them were recaptured upon the Williamsburg and Hanover Court House road.

The steamer Platte River has returned from Sarlatia, Yazoo River, where she with other transports and gunboats of Generals Porter and Sherman's expedition were attacked, on the 5th, by a force of 3,000 Texan troops, who, with artillery and musketry, fired into the transports, wounding six soldiers. A fight ensued, in which a portion of our infantry and our gunboats participated, resulting in the dislodgment and driving of the enemy.

☞ An English photographer, Mr. Warner, lately took a photograph of the eye of an ox, a few hours after death, and on examining the impression through the microscope, distinctly perceived depicted on the retina, the exact delineation of the stones with which the slaughter-house was paved, being the last object which affected the vision of the animal on bending down its head to receive the fatal blow.

☞ A bill has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature empowering the authorities of Cincinnati to levy a tax, not to exceed one mill, for three years to come, for the purpose of buying and storing several million bushels of coal, to prevent the recurrence of the coal famine, from which the population is now suffering. The bill is made applicable to cities having one hundred thousand inhabitants.

☞ No support, when we are right, can be derived from those who are very ready to yield to us when we are wrong.

☞ A railroad track was laid on the ice on the Upper Mississippi during the late cold snap, for the transportation of freight from one shore to the other.

☞ A grammarian conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style: "Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentoter, hottentotest; hottentotissimo, hottentottissimus, hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens, hot as seven ovens!" How comfortable to contemplate, this weather!

☞ The editor of the Kreuz Zeitung, a member of the Prussian Parliament, writing about the British press, says it is habitually brought up by the ministry, so far as thirty-two thousand pounds annually will do it.

☞ On New Year's Eve 800,000 complimentary letters were sent through the Paris post in addition to the daily average circulation.

☞ The Buffalo Courier says: "We are informed by a gentleman residing in this city, that during the gale which prevailed on the first of January, pickerel were blown out of the water at Tonawanda, and that some three hundred pounds of these delectable fish, weighing from half a pound to ten pounds each, were picked up on the beach. Our informant assures us that he was in Tonawanda at the time, and that he saw the fish that had thus unexpectedly been blown out of the water, and unpiscatorially gathered.

☞ At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. Of these, 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6,000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half-a-dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In some cases the former possessor had reversed the usual order, placing the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

☞ It has been discovered that a great deal of whiskey is sent to Newbern, N. C., in barrels purporting to contain cider. These barrels are furnished with false heads, one corresponding to each head (outside), the compartment formed by which contained cider as did also the compartment corresponding to the bung. This, of course, left two compartments, which were filled with whiskey. So when the barrels were broached by the custom-house officer, they contained cider. The quantity of whiskey would be small, but amply sufficient to pay a handsome profit, when $100 could be made on a whole barrel of whiskey, as has been done often.

☞ Some pathologists claim that diphtheria has been occasioned by the introduction and use of kerosene oil.

☞ Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, California, lost about seven thousand head of cattle, through want of food, during the last few months. That gentleman is believed to be the largest stock and land owner in the United States. He owns this year forty-eight thousand cattle, besides nine thousand calves.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HOURS.

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still,
But all beings hold their march,
As if by one great will;
Moves one, move all!
Hark to the footfall;
On, on, forever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day thought feeds nightly dreams;
And sorrow trackoth wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, forever;

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by,
"I never watch in vain."
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever!

They pass the cradle-bed,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
On, on, forever!

MISS MARTINEAU.

AN ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Christopher Columbus in his third voyage to the western world, sailed along the extreme southern shore on the Atlantic side, and entered the Lagoon of Chiriqui emptying into the Caribbean Sea. This broad sheet of water is studded with beautiful islands, which were once used by the Buccaneers as a place for careening their ships; and rendezvous in their marauding expeditions along the coast. This section of country was also found to be very rich in gold. In fact, the party of Columbus collected more of the precious metals here than they did in any of their former expeditions. But the inhabitants they found were of the most ferocious and determined character, preventing them from penetrating very far into the interior of the country.

The Guaimias, Blanco, Valientes, Boronilles, and Chiriqui Indians were found living on the northern region bordering on the lake shore and Admiral's Bay. The Mosquito tribe also wandered along the coast from Nicaragua down to the mouth of the river Chagres. The Cordilleras or Andes, runs through this section of the Isthmus, which in an air line, is not more than fifty miles wide. On the south side of the Isthmus are found the plains of Veraguas and Chiriqui, extending their gentle slopes down to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The whole of this section of country was once thickly populated by different tribes of Indians of a quiet, inoffensive and docile disposition. The remnant of the Dolegas, Gualacas, Terrovas, Boquerones, and Alanges, have become Christians, and settled down into peaceful cultivators of the soil. Other remnants of a more savage and warlike disposition are found dwelling in the mountains have never been baptized, nor do they acknowledge the sway of the present governmental powers. They live by hunting and making trinkets, which they exchange with the Christians for cotton fabrics, &c. They have very little intercourse with the *Niopos* (white) people; and live hidden in the fastnesses and hiding places of the mountains.

The writer of this narrative had occasion to cross the Cordilleras from the Pacific slope to the northern shores of the Lagoon of Chiriqui on an exploring and surveying expedition. We left the town of Sanjose de David on the first of January, 1854, with twenty-five Christian Indians, four Americans, and one guide, making in all thirty men. The Indians were hired to carry our surveying instruments, baggage, provisions, and cooking utensils.

Our route lay through the small range of hills and gorges, and over the plains and table lands to the base of the ridge of the Cordilleras, then we struck through the *Boquetes*, (gap) and down to the northern shores of the lake. Our guide informed us that when we passed the gap we should, very likely, fall in with some straggling Indians living on the headwaters of streams emptying into the Lagoon. We carried no tents or useless appendages. Our men whenever we halted to bivouac for the night, would in a couple of hours set to work and erect ranches or huts, well thatched with the broad palm leaf, which kept us dry and turned the heaviest showers of rain.

We had with us, as guide, an old Guaimias Indian, who had been baptized, and was called Antonio; he lived with his family at Gualaca, an Indian village through which we had to pass. This old fellow spoke the Spanish remarkably well, besides professing to know all the dialects of the Indians living in the Cordilleras. He was a lively, talkative man, and entertained us with many hairbreadth escapes and fierce encounters with the *barbaros* (savages) living in those regions. On reaching some defile or head waters of a mountain stream, he would stop, look around, and ejaculate, "Jesus me ampara, este es el lugar donde los barbaros mataron atodos mis companeros, y yo solo pude escapar." (Jesus protect me, this is the place where the savages killed all my companions, and I alone managed to escape.) This exordium, or prefatory remarks of our loquacious guide, would make us, of course, keep a bright lookout ahead for danger, and call in our straggling parties.

On the fourth day of our journey we reached the headwaters of the Robalo river. This we followed in its downward course, hewing our way through the thick undergrowth and brush wood, opening a road for the chain-men to pursue their route. We reached a spot called *Penasco Grande*, (Big Rock,) when we met two streams forking off in different directions, one of which we followed. The other was called Pumpkin river—a not very euphonious name, to be sure, but it reminded us that very likely some of our countrymen of buccaneer celebrity had named it, as it emptied into Admiral's Bay. On our fourteenth day we concluded to halt, as the weather was very unfit for travelling on account of the heavy rains.

While resting in camp, two of us, accompanied by an Indian, started off to hunt for deer. As we were going along we struck a wide, well-beaten track, leading in a northerly direction. This road, our Indian informed us, was made by the animals called *machos del monte*, (tapir.) This animal resembles very much our domestic cattle, with the exception of their mouth, which has the upper lip doubled over the lower one; the flesh is very rich and savory, the natives considering it as good as their cattle.

We had not been over two hours amusing ourselves, when our guides halted, and showed signs of uneasiness, and begged to return. They had seen a trail, and sufficient proof that Indians were lurking about; and without finishing our sport we returned to camp. Some of our men, too, had been out, and also discovered trails of Indians close at hand. We held a consultation which would be the best to do, remain in camp or keep on our track. Finally it was agreed to continue on, and take the risk and chances of beating up the hiding places of such dangerous neighbors lurking in the vicinity.

We were thirty men all told, and well armed with revolvers, knives, shot-guns and rifles, and, in close quarters, could cope with or beat off double our numbers of Indians. Two of our most intelligent men were sent ahead to feel their way, and, on discovery of danger, to inform us by a shot fired.

We reached the banks of another small stream emptying into the Probalo river, and as it was past meridian, we concluded to halt and bivouac for the night. We sent out two other Indians to call in the two first, and, after a short stay, all returned, reporting all well; that they had traced the trails some miles beyond, in a northeastern direction. We passed the night without any alarm, with double sentries round our camp, till daylight. After breakfast we resumed our march, having, as usual, two of our fleetest men sent out in advance. About 11 o'clock A. M. we heard two shots fired in quick succession, in a northerly line. We immediately answered, to let our men know we were not far off, and ready to protect them. We then retraced our steps a hundred yards or more, and halted. Presently our men came bounding in, and reported they had tracked the Indians to the banks of a small stream, where they had their lodges standing. Our men counted ten of them together, and one large hut separate, which denotes a chief or cacique being present. These ranches must contain at least six persons each, which would be full sixty men. These Indians belonged to the Boronilles tribe, and were out on a hunting expedition. They were armed with bows and arrows, with the points of the shafts covered with pieces of polished iron, in the form of a small spear.

After waiting some time for an advance of the Indians on us, without seeing them, we concluded to continue our march, and after having gone about five miles we came up to the banks of the river where their lodges were standing. We ensconsed ourselves in a dense wood, and from the narrow ford could plainly see everything they were doing.

Here we held another consultation as to further movements. As it was, we were not on the war trail, but on a peaceable mission; consequently could not commit any aggression on them. Our Indians were furious, they wished to dash over and begin the war, saying they had a right to exterminate the rascals, savages and barbarians as they were. We concluded it would be more civil to extend the olive branch and have a grand parly or *pow wow* with them. Accordingly our Indians gave a sharp, shrill war whoop, which sounded like the two words *ahua hua, ahua hua*, and stood watching the effect in silent suspense for several minutes.

Some of the Indians were reclining on the grass; others were standing with their backs to us, while others were in the act of kindling a fire to roast some meat. They had laid aside their arms, and we could have picked them off with ease at twice the distance. Shortly after a deafening yell came across the water to us. The effect was ludicrous. They all ran and seized their arms, and began to shout and dance in a furious manner. They again laid aside their arms and commenced to throw themselves into every kind of posture with a species of ground and lofty tumbling that would have done honor to the celebrated Messrs. Herr Cleine, or the more classic Ravels. Then an old man who appeared to be their leader, a cacique, approached the edge of the stream with his men in line, and, strange to say, discharged a flight of arrows—not at us, but in an opposite direction.

After this act on the part of the Indians, we presented our front in full to them. The old chief then rushed into the stream up to his waist and invited us to cross over, but our men were rather averse and refused. At this moment the old man advanced to the middle of the stream. We then beckoned to him to come over. Seeing we would not move, he boldly came over to within twenty feet of us, and stood still. The writer of this took a bottle of whiskey and showed it to the chief. This never-failing persuasive argument to attract an Indian had its desired effect. The old fellow jumped on shore to us. The bottle was offered to take a taste, but he motioned to us to try it first, which we did. After having satisfied himself of its not being some poisonous liquid, he took the bottle and put it to his mouth and drank near half of it.

The old man then insisted we should accompany him over to his camp; but knowing the treachery of those fellows, and having read of a boat load of the crew of the British sloop-of-war Taunderer, in 1836, being decoyed and massacred by them on the northern coast, we concluded it would not be prudent. Finally we consented, and accompanied the fellow over, being fully prepared to resist any covert act of hostility on their part. When we reached the shore the old chief addressed the writer in broken Spanish, as follows:

"O! mucha bueno, aguardiente, eh? tu es blanco, tu bueno, tu espanol? tu hablas lengua de niopo?" (O! very good whiskey, eh? you are white, you are good; are you a Spaniard? do you speak the language of the white owners?)

We assured them we were not Spaniards, nor lords of the soil, but we could converse in their tongue. When he understood who we were he pointed to our Indians with a shrug of the shoulder, exclaimed—

"Muchs malo jente! no me gusta ugh!" (Bad people. I don't like them, ugh!)

The old man very closely inspected our arms, and begged us to lay them aside on the grass; but we refused. He then invited us to dine with them, pointing to a fine buck which they were preparing to roast. While we were standing among them we had an opportunity to count their force. They had sixty men, just double our number. What most attracted their attention were the large revolvers we had. After dinner was finished we again gave them some more whiskey and some cigars. Some of us took out a lucifer match to light our *puros*, (Havannas,) when the old chief came up and looked on with fear and astonishment. They had never seen fire produced from such a small stick, and to carry them in our pockets without burning, was incomprehensible to them, and exclaimed—

"Tu niopo muy valiente, tu cargas fuego en tu ropa! tu tienes mas? paque no me das?" (You white man very brave! you carry fire in your clothes, have you any more? why don't you give me some?)

We gave the old man a couple of boxes. He was delighted, and in return presented us with a bow and quiver filled with arrows. We verily believe we could have bought all their arms for a few boxes of matches.

After a few further civilities with these sons of the forest, we took our leave, and the old man accompanied us to our side of the river.

Our guide told us he did not like their appearance. They seemed to have mischief lurking in their eyes. When they found we were not to be so easily cajoled out of our arms, and they could not surprise or attack us with advantage, they were disappointed. Their faces showed it. However we were not to be caught napping. Our men were all ready at any moment should they attempt anything hostile towards us.

The place we selected for our bivouac was at some distance from the river, and free from trees, or approach on their part without being seen. Near our tents or huts, I should say, there was some tall prairie grass. None of us closed our eyes that night. About two o'clock in the morning our sentinels discovered the grass waving, we knew at once they were coming, and disposed our forces accordingly to repel or advance on them. All our force was concealed within doors, so we could bring a concentrated fire to bear on them. After waiting a few minutes the grass began to move, then it stood still. A loud yell then went up echoing through the stillness of the night, and a flight of arrows followed. Not one of us was hurt. We ordered our men to groan and pretend to be severely wounded. This ruse had its desired effect. They thought one half of our force had been disabled or killed. The treacherous villains rushed nearer to send another flight of arrows into us. But they reckoned without their host. We then dashed out and poured a volley into the grass in front of us.

Yells and cries, screeches and groans now came from their side. They then fled in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. We did not pursue them far, but kept near our huts beating up the grass, and occasionally firing our guns to let the scoundrels know we were about and on the alert.

Daylight appeared, and we found there were thirteen of the miscreants killed and wounded! and not one of us had been harmed. There were four killed, and nine wounded. We collected the wounded and carried them over the river and left them in their lodges. The dead were left on the ground. A few hours after we resumed our march, and were not further molested on our route.

When we returned to David we reported ourselves to his excellency the Governor, Don R——, and related our adventures. He very kindly told us we had done our duty, and it was a pity we had not swept the whole band of scoundrels from the face of the earth.

A SHADOW.

What lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gay?
What lack the babbling fountains?
Their voice is sad to day.
Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low,
That made the earth rejoice
A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?
A shadow is on the sun;
What lack the merry hours,
That I long that they were done?
Only two smiling eyes,
That told of joy and mirth;
They are shining in the skies,
I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes it
So weary and full of pain,
That trembling hope forsakes it,
Never to come again?
Only another heart,
Tender and all mine own,
In the still grave it lies,
I weep alone!

HINTS ON MONEY MATTERS.

To the wife, and yet more to the wife's mother, of a man of business, one who speaks feelingly suggests this most valuable rule:—

Beware of starving the funds or draining the capital which serves as the very tools of your husband's trade, and is the very life-blood of his business. Many a lady, had she begun in apartments, might have soon luxuriated in her own drawing-room; but by expecting to begin with a complete establishment has crippled and crushed her husband to the ground.

Many a man of business is ruined by this error; and whose fault is it? Why, nine times out of ten, the fault of the wife's relatives. The wife herself, were the case fairly put to her, would many a time say, "I join my lot to his. Let us begin in a quiet way. The greater the struggle the more pleased shall I be to support and to comfort him. We will strive together, and I will tell my friends we only sink to rise. I am taking a course by which I shall with far more certainty be eventually established as elegantly as my friends would wish." Instead of which the family expectations are too apt to betray the husband into a scale of expenditure which drains the strength of his business, and cuts the very sinews of every enterprize, till a feeble trade, or perhaps actual insolvency, is the result.

Don't aspire to begin where older persons were contented to leave off. This is the reason so many ladies remain unmarried. Young men feel they are expected to begin with all the elegancies which middle life only can realize. Time was when ladies would marry to help their husbands; they now only marry to weigh them down. Half the mad speculations with married men arise from this. They dread to say, "We must reduce; business is bad, and we must live on less." So they speculate to make more; ruin comes; and no one suspects that the failing man has been goaded on by the grand expectations of his wife's relatives.

More than half the squabbles and the misery of married life proceed from money matters. There is one constant tussle between "We want" on the part of the wife, and "I can't afford" on behalf of the husband.

And do we lay the blame upon the ladies? Only thus far: they ought to arrange for a certain allowance for certain things, and keep within it; for, let a man live to the age of Methuselah, and while his family expenditure is not limited, he will always find it far more than he could have calculated. And the only way to keep within your income is to pay ready money, remembering the shrewd observation of Archdeacon Paley: "I always require my wife and daughters to pay ready money. I know they only buy what they think they want; but ready money checks the imagination."

☞ Lord Muskerry said, when on his death-bed, "That he had nothing with which to reproach himself, never having denied himself anything."

☞ The wine drank in London, and called the Elbe sherry, is made out of potatoes. There are no grapes on that river.

Sketch of a too Careful Housekeeper.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

She had a capital heart, a good, true, womanly one, and was loving and obliging; but still she was one of the desperately painstaking, conscientious sort of women whose very blood, as they grow older, is devoured with anxiety, and she came of a race of women in whom housekeeping was more than an art or a science,—it was, so to speak, a religion. Sophie's mother, aunts and grandmothers for nameless generations back, were known and celebrated housekeepers. They might have been genuine descendants of the inhabitants of that Hollandic town of Broeck, celebrated by Washington Irving, where the cows' tails are kept tied up with unsullied blue ribbons, and the ends of the firewood are painted white. He relates how a celebrated preacher, visiting this town, found it impossible to draw these housewives from their earthly views and employments, until he took to preaching on the *neatness* of the celestial city, the unsullied crystal of its walls and the polish of its golden pavement, when the faces of all the housewives were set Zionward at once.

Now this solemn and earnest view of housekeeping is onerous enough when a poor girl first enters on the care of a moderately furnished house, where the articles are not too expensive to be renewed as time and use wear them; but it is infinitely worse when a cataract of splendid furniture is heaped upon her care—when splendid crystals cut into her conscience, and mirrors reflect her duties, and moth and rust stand ever ready to devour and sully in every room and passage way.

Sophie was solemnly warned and instructed by all the mothers and aunts,—she was warned of moths, warned of cockroaches, warned of flies, warned of dust; all the articles of furniture had their covers, made of cold Holland linen, in which they looked like bodies laid out,—even the curtain tassels had each its little shroud—and bundles of receipts and of rites and ceremonies necessary for the preservation and purification and care of all these articles were stuffed into the poor girl's head, before guiltless of cares as the feathers that floated above it.

Poor Bill found very soon that his house and furniture were to be kept at such an ideal point of perfection that he needed another house to live in,—for, poor fellow, he found the difference between having a house and a home. It was only a year or two after that my wife and I started our *menage* on very different principles, and Bill would often drop in upon us, wistfully lingering in the cozy arm-chair between my writing table and my wife's sofa, and saying with a sigh how confoundedly pleasant things look there,—so pleasant to have a bright, open fire, and geraniums and roses and birds, and all that sort of thing, and to dare to stretch out one's legs and move without one thinking what one was going to hit. "Sophie is a good girl," he would say, "and wants to have everything right, but you see they won't let her. They've loaded her with so many things that have to be kept in lavender, that the poor girl is actually getting thin and losing her health; and then you see, there's Aunt Zeruah, she mounts guard at our house, and keeps up such strict police regulations that a fellow can't do a thing. The parlors are splendid, but so lonesome and dismal! not a ray of sunshine, in fact, not a ray of light, except when a visitor is calling, and then they open a crack. They're afraid of flies, and yet, dear knows, they keep every looking-glass and picture-frame muffled to its throat from March to December. I'd like for curiosity to see what a fly would do in our parlors!"

"Well," said I, "can't you have some little family sitting room, where you can make yourselves cozy?"

"Not a bit of it. Sophie and Aunt Zeruah have fixed their throne up in our bedroom, and there they sit all day long, except at calling hours, and then Sophie dresses herself and comes down. Aunt Zeruah insists upon it that the way is to put the whole house in order, and shut all the blinds, and sit in your bedroom, and then, she says, nothing gets out of place; and she tells poor Sophie the most hocus-pocus stories about her grandmothers and aunts, who always kept everything in their houses so that they could go and lay their hands on it in the darkest night. I'll bet they could in our house. From end to end it is kept looking as if we had shut it up and gone to Europe,—not a book, not a paper, not a glove, or any trace of a human being, in sight.

"The piano shut tight, the book-cases shut and locked, the engravings locked up, all the drawers and closets locked. Why, if I want to take a pillow into the library, in the first place it smells like a vault, and I have to unbarricade windows, and unlock and rummage for half an hour before I can get at anything; and I know Aunt Zeruah is standing tiptoe at the door, ready to whip everything back and lock up again. A fellow can't be social, or take any comfort in showing his books and pictures that way. Then there's our great, light dining-room, with its sunny south windows,—Aunt Zeruah got us out of that early in April, because she said the flies would speck the frescoes and get into the china closet, and we have been eating in a little dingy den, with a window looking out on a back alley, ever since; and Aunt Zeruah says that now the dining-room is always in perfect order, and that it is such a care off Sophie's mind that I ought to be willing to eat down cellar to the end of the chapter. Now, you see, Curtis, my position is a delicate one, because Sophie's folks all agree, that, if there is anything in creation that is ignorant and dreadful and must not be allowed his way anywhere, it's 'a man.'

"Why, you'd think, to hear Aunt Zeruah talk, that we were all like bulls in a china shop, ready to toss and tear and rend, if we are not kept down cellar and chained; and she worries Sophie, and Sophie's mother comes and worries, and if I try to get anything done differently, Sophie cries, and says she don't know what to do, and so I give it up. Now, if I want to ask a few of our set in sociably to dinner, I can't have them where we eat down cellar,—oh, that would never do! Aunt Zeruah and Sophie's mother and the whole family would think the family honor was forever ruined and undone. We must not ask them, unless we open the dining-room, and have out all the best china, and get the silver home from the bank; and if we do that, Aunt Zeruah doesn't sleep for a week beforehand, getting reading for it, and for a week after, getting things put away; and then she tells me, that in Sophie's delicate state, it really is abominable for me to increase her cares, and so I invite fellows to dine with me at Delmonico's, and then Sophie cries, and Sophie's mother says it doesn't look respectable for a family-man to be dining at public places; but, hang it, a fellow wants a home somewhere!"—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

WHITE ALLEY.

The best game at marbles we know, is one which is now but little played. Boys and girls—aye, and older people too—may play at it with pleasure; for there is as much skill, fun and excitement in it as in many games supposed to be more deserving. It is "Knock and Hit." It is played as follows:—One wall of the room is chosen for "knock," and against it each player strikes a marble, leaving it to roll where it will. The player whose marble is furthest off then takes another from his stock, and strikes it against the wall, his object being to make it hit any one of the marbles lying on the floor. If it does so before it rebounds from the opposite wall—such a hit not being counted—he will be entitled to take up all that are down. If it does not thus hit, the players follow on in succession, each one knocking another marble into the game, increasing the value of the stake and the probability of each succeeding player making a hit. The skill, of course, lies in taking a true aim, and making the marble travel straight. If the room in which it is played is a large one, it will often happen that even a large stock of marbles may be exhausted before a hit is made, and in this case borrowing from the game is allowed; that is, each player, upon his or her turn arriving, is permitted, instead of taking a marble from the individual stock, to take up an outlying one. By this means, and as the aim is always taken at any group where there is more chance of striking another, if the one aimed at is missed, they get thick upon the ground, and a "hit" is made, whereupon the fortunate player takes up all, and the game begins again. We are bold enough to confess that we have played this game with infinite amusement—as many as a score, ladies, gentlemen and children, taking part in it.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN.

Perhaps the secret of Catherine's fascination lay in those strange eyes of hers, which seemed to wake in all who came near her a trembling and a stir as of wings, a sudden yearning for forgotten good or for noble aims. Few professed to love her, fewer still to admire her; but they came to her when they were perplexed for counsel, when they were sorrowful for comfort. Instead of *making* love to her, they loved her; instead of talking to her of the idle things of the world, they were silent, and thought of heaven. Such a woman made a man forget that she was woman, and he man. He remembered only that soul answereth to soul, mind to mind, and a sister spirit searcheth out the hidden things of the spirit. Such a woman was not likely to have many lovers. The wicked inspire passion more easily than the good. It is they who are the most hotly loved, the most madly suffered for. It is they who make men easy dupes to their deceit, and victims to their perjury. They accept hearts as they would bonbons; they trouble a man's peace as idly as they would throw a stone into a pool; they stir up a devil within him, and show him the very depths of anguish. Happy for their victims if they do not leave desolated homes, seething madness, and death in their track. Thrice happy is he who, escaping from the net of such a one, even through great bitterness and suffering, shall shake himself from the bonds like Samson, and recover his strength. It is useless to rage against such women. They never understand what they have done, what they are doing, nor what they will yet live to do. Becky Sharp is the type of them all, and she thought herself clever to the end.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

From Bryant's Recent Volume of Thirty Poems

Beside a massive gateway built up in years
gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadows
lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet
wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for
me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's
flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of
the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow
descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat
of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,
now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is
wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs
him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the
hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage
and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down
the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears
away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,
throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully
goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from
her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young
and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as
we gaze!
Oh breath of Summer blossoms that on the
restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we
know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown
and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening
bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient
gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand
and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant
group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled
the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind
that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by
side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and
men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between
those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along
the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks
are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in
drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us
to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within
my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart;
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood
and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for
me.

ENGLAND IN SAXON TIMES.

What a picture of the wild and fearful winters of ancient times is presented in the name our Saxon ancestors gave to January, which they called Wolf-month, on account of the ravages made by that animal at this dreary and desolate season of the year! Then our island abounded with huge morasses, swampy wastes, lonely moors, and vast tracts of dreary forest-land, and over these snowy solitudes, in the dark midnights of winter, the howl of the wolf was heard, as, ravenous for prey, he ventured nearer the Saxon huts, and prowled about the doorway of the habitation of man. Dismal and dangerous were the paths then traversed by the lonely wayfarer, for towns and villages lay long and wide apart, and there were but few roads, excepting the long, straight, but monotonous highways made by the Romans, or the broken and uncertain bridle paths which wound along the dangerous and precipitous banks of the rivers, or at best, in later times, the narrow ways traversed by the ancient merchants, with their trains of pack-horses, who went carefully picking their way through the storms and snow and darkness of winter. Even now in the vast wolds of Yorkshire, and over the wild broad marshes of Lincolnshire, there exists many a miry and dangerous cross-road, where even a traveller well acquainted with the country is, in winter, in momentary danger of foundering.

BRACKEN HOLLOW.

PART I.

"Rough! do you know what this letter means? Finish your breakfast, old dog, and come for a walk up the glen to Bracken Hollow; for the old place shall be brightened up, the shutters shall be flung open, the chimneys shall smoke, and the trees shall move away from before the doors and windows. Youth, the fairy prince, is coming on tip-toe from beyond summer seas, to tread the paths green again, to spread sunshine on the threshold, and to wake the sleeper, Joy, who has so long lain dead in the dark chambers, waiting his voice to arise and fill the place with light. And when our glad errand is done, we will visit the valley churchyard."

Margaret Avon and I were old man and old woman together, and yet when she was the wedded mistress of Bracken Hollow, I was but a young lad going to school, and used in vacation times to ride my pony over the hills and hollows of Glenariffe for a cup of sweet tea at Mistress Avon's round tea-table, and a generous share of the cakes and marmalade with which that hospitable board was wont to be spread for my delectation. But at least half my errand there was to get a glimpse of tiny Mary Avon's sleeping face, so fair and plump, under the blue canopy of her cot. For baby Mary Avon was then to me the mystery of mysteries, as she was in years afterwards the pearl, the very sunbeam, the blush-rose of womanhood.

I will tread lightly, and but a few steps of this solitary by-path of my story. Let the roses moulder there where they fell, snapt from their stems so many years ago, and the passion flowers shrivel into dust, and the dead leaves lie in shifting mounds, stirred only by the whisper of melancholy winds, undisturbed by the fall of even the holiest foot. Mary Avon fled from her home to be the wife of one who broke her heart and deserted her child. There are days upon which many of the aged can look back, when words and scenes which are burned into memory were first branded there. Such old scars still sting, when these dulled eyes glance again to the hour when, a strong and bearded man, I almost knelt to Margaret Avon in that old red drawing room at Bracken Hollow, and sued for Mary's memory and Mary's child. But the crags of Lurgaedon are not to be toppled into the valley by pecking birds, nor was the wedge of stern resolve to be wrenched from Margaret Avon's soul by prayers. Mary was gone, and, as though she had never been, the existence of her child was to remain unrecognized. I took the little orphan home, and if Hugh was wronged, I at least was a gainer by his loss.

Up to this date I had known Margaret Avon as a large, comely matron, with prosperity lying smooth on her broad forehead, and a helpful magic lurking in the palm of her strong, white hand; with all her actions, impulses of charity, of pride, or of anger; but that blow struck to the root of her life. The tree did not fall, nor totter; it stood on, but the sap was gone. Years went by, and brought death twice again to the threshold of the old house, making her a widow, and bereft of her only son. Then the strong lines had hardened, the soft curves tightened, the good-humored eyes grown cold, and the firm mouth hard. She became a gaunt woman, with a bent masculine figure, and a harsh countenance. As such I knew her, still as friend, and often as patient, about the time when, a middle-aged bachelor, I found myself settled down under this roof, with the physician's practice of the glens and village for my work, and with Mary's child for something to love, something to keep my heart green. For Margaret Avon, sitting sternly in that red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, with her face from the world, and her eyes fixed perpetually on her desolate hearth, would not forgive the dead. The only tie she recognized was the child of her dead son. The little girl had been born in Italy, where her father had passed all the later years of his life. In this grandchild, whom she had never seen, all the woman's sympathies with life were bound up. The child was said to be delicate, and lest she should inherit her father's disease, consumption, the anxious grandmother had decreed, with bold self-denial, that she should remain abroad with the English lady to whose care her father had entrusted her education—should be sunned and ripened by Italian skies, till the dawn of her womanhood, and that then, and then only, should Glenariffe be her home. And yet the old woman's yearning to see the child was piteous, and I knew that she dreaded lest death might seal her eyes before they could be satisfied.

Years passed. I was gray. Hugh was a man, and would soon be a doctor. A naval life would suit him. I felt that he would go off in a ship one day and leave me.

He had been studying too closely. I had sent for him, insisting on a holiday. We were chatting together in the garden. It was a bright May evening; the hawthorn blossoms were not yet done; the lilacs were in bloom. The sun was red on his face, and the lad was as glad as a child at his new freedom. Observing him with pride, I thought him more remarkable for an air of inherent power and a dash of frankness, than for mere handsome looks. I thought I saw his character in his bearing and countenance, pure honor ennobling the brow, fidelity to truth well opening the eye, the hot, generous temperament lighting the whole face with electric glows and sparkles, and the careless gayety of youth dancing in lights and shadows on the tossing brown curls under his straw hat. Some one spoke to me at the gate. It was a messenger from Bracken Hollow, requesting me to visit Mrs. Avon. I left Hugh amusing himself with some little fellows on the beach, and went. Margaret had a request to make. Grace was on her way home, was in England. Friends returning from Italy had brought her as far as their home in London. Would I go and fetch her to Bracken Hollow?

I thought, Margaret Avon forgets that I am not still the boy who used to eat her marmalade at yonder table forty years since, and carry her footstool, and go on her errands whithersoever she pleased. But the next moment I felt this to be a churlish thought for one old friend to harbor towards another, and I promised to go.

Next day I went. A few words made Hugh understand the purpose of my journey. Beyond those few words nothing was said between us on the matter. Of course the lad knew all the details of his own story, but his position was a subject which he never approached, nor did I wish to hear him speak of it. I was sure of his fast affection; he was even too grateful for anything I had done for him; but I knew that the pride of the Avons smouldered in the depths of his nature. I saw it when he courteously uncovered his head to his grandmother on Sundays as she came forth from the village church to her carriage, with her eyes fixed on the ground lest she should see him. I detected it in the gnawing of the lip and contracting of the brows when we stood to admire some rich bit of wooded land with a tradition of the Avon family scrawled over the gnarled trunk of every old tree. And even more forcibly have I seen it when, by chance, he has heard himself alluded to by the kindly peasants who compassionated him as "poor Mr. Hugh." I knew he felt the sting of the fire himself, and dreaded the occasion which might stir it to a blaze. I knew that he wished all the world to recognize him as one who felt himself sufficient to carve his own fortune, and who was too high-spirited to claim any relationship which was so cruelly ignored.

I went upon my mission. I made my way to a gay house in a fashionable part of London. I arrived there in the midst of a brilliant entertainment. I was expected, and welcomed. It was all out of my way, and I should have yielded to the inclination of fatigue and retired quietly and at once, but that my curiosity to see Grace would not rest till morning. When I made my appearance among the guests, I found them engaged in witnessing the performance of charades. I took my place as a spectator, and quickly had Miss Grace Avon pointed out to me among the performers. Thus, for the first time, I saw her in whom afterwards I had so strange an interest.

Memory has odd whims in her dealings with the materials furnished to her. Some she lays by in dim scrolls, seldom to be opened and with difficulty. Others are spread, faultless charts, perpetually visible, and yet marked out in such dull ink that they are little better than blanks. While, again, some trivial chance becomes at once a picture, painted in imperishable colors, glowing with unfading life, refusing to grow pale with time, or to be darkened by shadows.

I see her now distinctly. It was a thoroughly Italian face, dark and clear, with bright lips and a rich cheek. I had never seen anything so sombre yet so lustrous as the eyes. Some brilliant drapery was folded round her head like a turban, giving an oriental effect. I do not know what the charade was; I never thought of asking. The idea must have been something about a slave; a slave loaded with splendor, and yet chafing under a sense of degradation and captivity. At least so she, in her acting seemed to render it. She went through a strang pantomime, wrenching at the gilded chains that shackled her wrists, flinging her jewels passionately on the ground, and speaking forth shame and despair from her dumb face with terrible reality. I felt it unaccountably strange to see her thus for the first time, acting with such a piteous mimicry of truth in this gay crowd, dressed with such magnificence, and expressing so vividly her hatred of herself, her beauty, and her adornments. I said, how can this girl act so unless she feels it? What troubles her? Why is she so wretched? And then I smiled at myself for a foolish old man of the mountains, who was behind the age, and knew nothing of the cunning of such clever diplays. But, my beautiful Miss Grace, I said, how will these fantastic accomplishments thrive at Bracken Hollow?

I saw her next at a distance in the ball-room, after the performance had ended. She was the centre of a group of evident admirers, and was laughing and sparkling all over with merriment. Her dress was a robe of something white, which flashed about her as she moved; and I remember that her hair was bound with something blood-red, like coral. I saw our hostess move towards her, for the purpose, I knew, of acquainting her with the fact of my arrival. Her cheeks had been flushing, her lips smiling, but all at once flush and smile vanished, leaving her pale and still. She turned abruptly away from the disappointed group, and slowly followed the lady messenger from the room. A minute afterwards I was introduced to her in a dim ante-room, where the softly-shed light was yet sufficient to show me the shrinking step, the pained lip, the white cheek, and the one rapid terrified glance from eyes that were instantly averted and obstinately refused to meet mine again.

What was it? Conscience winced. It was true that I had indulged an unwarrantable prejudice against this girl; and could it be also true that there may arise, without the communication of a word, with scarce that of a look, some swift subtle instinct, passing from one spirit to another, warning of the existence of dislike or distrust, even as such instinct is said in other instances to herald the approach of faith or of love?

Our greeting was short and embarrassed. I had long since forgotten the more polished forms of address between ladies and gentlemen of the world. I could have spoken a kind word to this frightened child had I met her at home among the mountains, but here in these courtly chambers the mere spontaneous good-will of nature seemed out of place. I saw her glide back to the ball-room with a blanched, cowed aspect, but with a something of proud reserve that forbade observation. She seated herself at a distant table, and affected to turn over some drawings, but her face was often averted to the shuttered window beside her, as though she studied some record of absorbing interest written on the blank of the painted wood. And so, despite my former determined indifference to everything concerning Miss Grace Avon, I retired that night filled with a troubled perplexity, and strangely interested in the owner of the cold, damp little hand that had for a moment touched mine, and the sombre eyes that had shunned me with an expression so much like pain and fear scarcely hidden under their lids.

We accomplished our journey in safety, but without effecting much more progress towards friendship than we had made on the evening of our first acquaintance. An impenetrable reserve sheathed the girl. Once or twice I detected her studying my face with a wistful, questioning expression in her eye, as though some burdensome secret hovered on her tongue, and she tried, unseen, to sound me, to discover whether or not I might be trustworthy to receive that which she had to tell. This was the idea which impressed me at the time, and from which I could not free my thoughts. It seemed an absurd fancy, for what trouble could she have? And yet the impression would not be shaken off, but clung to me with annoying tenacity.

I assured myself that she was only timid, and shy of appearing among new friends. It will wear away, I said; and I tried to win her confidence, and to be as kindly towards her as the thought of Hugh would suffer me to be.

I thought the wondrous visions of our glens will wake her up, for I feel that she has a soul. And who has seen our Glenariffe without enthusiasm, with its mists and breakers, its heathery crags and mossy knolls, its vivid rainbows and thundering falls?—even in its winter aspect, when every mountain that searches its sky is white from base to crown, when every pure peak stands like a sinless soul, expecting its palm, and when the cry of hunted waters leaps from crag to crag, and is lost in the appalling gusts blown landward from the lips of implacable sea storms. And how much more in summer, when the golden sheaves stand upon the sunny slopes, leaning their hot shoulders against one another, and waiting for the harvest-home; when the cunning blackbird scarce knows his way through the labyrinths of foliage, and when there is a hidden paradise in every far nook where the young ashes bend to the water under their secret, and drip, drip their mysterious whispers all day, till the sun gets tired searching for them among the thickets, and the moon sends a silver token floating down the beck, on the crest of a ripple.

As we entered the glens in the fading sunset, the hills smiled serenely, and the sea was a stretch of pale gold. The cry of the mountaineer, as he passed from height to height skyward, searching for stray lambs, fell in dreamy echoes through the ether, and we could hear at intervals the answering bleat of a sheep from some perilous ledge aloft, where it looked to our upturned eyes like a snowflake drifted white upon the brilliant herbage. It was to me a moment of exquisite beauty and peace; but then in my ear the horses' feet were trotting to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!" whereas Miss Grace Avon had been nursed under Italian skies, and beheld our wild highland scenery with a stranger's eyes. So I forbore to disturb her meditation as she sat, quite still, her veil just folded above her brows, her pale lips fast shut, and her heavy dark eyes fixed blindly on the dimming horizon.

Arrived at Bracken Hollow a touching picture met our eyes. Out in the purple twilight, sown with blazing stars, growing from the heavier shadows behind, and framed by the frowning doorway, a tall bent figure stood. A shaking, withered hand grasping a stick, a rugged face softened with yearning love, a hard lined mouth unwontedly relaxed and quivering, and frozen eyes melting with foreign moisture. So I saw Margaret Avon, and in spite of fidelity to Hugh, I was touched to compassion for the woman who, having within her rills of tenderness so warm, could have suffered pride to petrify her life, and turn her to the thing of stone I had known her for the many past years.

So she stood with her one shrivelled hand stretched forth in eager greeting. I felt Grace's fingers slip from my arm, and before I could prevent her the strange girl had sunk upon her knees at her grandmother's feet, with her face to the flags on the threshold.

"My child, my dear, my darling! what is this?" quavered forth the poor old rusty voice, while the shaking hand tried to drag upward the bent dusky head from which the bonnet and veil had fallen. "Be not frightened, my love, but welcome, a thousand times welcome, to your poor old grandmother's home,—your poor old grandmother, your poor old lonely grandmother!" she kept on repeating, while Grace, creeping to her at last with a sob, suffered herself to be gathered to the old woman's heart. I left them sitting on the hearth in the red drawing-room, Grace with her face buried in Margaret's gown, and the old hand passing fondly over the thick curls.

Two mornings afterwards I was sitting by the open window in the sun, reading the "Lancet." Hugh was standing at the book-case, poring into a book. The parlor door was ajar, and the hall door wide open, as it is the fashion for Glen's hall doors to stand during the day. I saw a phaeton, which I knew, draw up a few perches away, and in it I saw two figures, which I also recognized. The younger sprang from the step, and came quickly toward the cottage. She passed in at the gate, in at the open door; a tap came on the panel outside, and there she stood before us—Grace Avon.

Never had anything so bright gladdened our sober little parlor. The white dress, the black gossamer shawl hanging from her arms, the slouched hat, with its rose-colored ribbon, crowning the ripe face and cloudy curls, all made up a picture whose rich sweetness was a feast to the eye. A glamor of enchantment seemed to enter the room with her, a southern breeze stirred in the motion of her gown, a streak of Italian sunshine seemed to follow in her wake through the door. I thought "Mary's hair was just one shade darker than the laburnum blossoms, and Mary's eyes were the color of forget-me-nots, but this is a beautiful woman." As she entered Hugh started, and looked up with a hasty glance of honest and ardent admiration, whose warmth surprise forbade him to moderate. The young lady seemed to resent this involuntary homage of poor Hugh's, she flushed, returned his bow stiffly, and having delivered her message, followed me from the room.

"Who is he?" she asked, abruptly, in the hall.

I was angry for Hugh, and felt harshly towards her at the moment. I answered brusquely:

"He is your cousin, Miss Avon, who has at least as good a claim to your grandmother's favor as you. Were he righted, you would not be the wealthy heiress you now are."

She fell back as though stunned by my words, and I passed her to speak to Margaret at the carriage. She wished me to spend the evening with them. Margaret did not know of Hugh's presence at the cottage; but I think, even had he been absent, I should not have gone to them that night. Grace gave me a pleading word and look, but I was firm. I said:

"I am going to visit a patient up the Glen, but I shall not have time to call."

At twilight that evening I passed near the gates of Bracken Hollow at a part where the wall that separates the place from the Glen road runs very low, and a stream stumbles its way through the wild briars and the tall reeds and brackens from whose luxuriance the house takes its name. I was startled by a figure rising up like a ghost from among the ferns and moss grown stones beside me. It was Grace. She had watched and waited for me there. She wanted to know the meaning of my words spoken in the hall that morning about her cousin. Was he her cousin? Why had he been wronged? Who had wronged him?

I considered a little, and then thought it best to tell her all. She would be sure to hear the story, and it was right she should. I told her all Hugh's history; not, I am sure, without a dash of the bitterness which would always escape me when I spoke on the subject. As I went on she flushed deeper and deeper, till the crimson blood burned under her hair, and even colored her throat. When I had finished speaking it had ebbed away, leaving her unusually pale. She stood before me, straight and white and scared looking, with the breeze blowing the dark hair from her forehead. I moved to go on, but she stayed me again imploringly, and commenced asking rapid passionate questions. If she had never been born, or if—if she had died as a child, would Hugh's grandmother have been forced to give him her affection, to make him her heir?

I answered as my conscience dictated:

"I believe she would. Your grandmother can be stern, but she must have something to love. If there had been no one else, I think it is likely that she would have relented towards Hugh."

She opened her lips, and cried vehemently, with a strain of high-wrought suffering:

"Doctor! I—" She stopped short, her lips whitened, blue shadows gathered under her eyes. I thought she was going to swoon.

"My dear child!" I cried, in surprise and alarm, taking her cold hand and placing it firmly on my own arm, "my dear child, you must not distress yourself so deeply about this. It is not your fault."

She gave me a piteous glance, bent down her head, and burst into a passion of tears, sobbing violently, with her forehead against my sleeve.

"It is a strange, wayward, and I believe generous nature," I thought, as I went on my way, having sent her back to the house.

Returning past the gates, and finding myself in a different mood from that in which I had refused Margaret Avon's invitation, I turned into the avenue, and walked along by the soft, noiseless turf. Soon I was startled for the second time that night by seeing a slight figure moving among the trees. It was passing to and fro, to and fro upon the grass quite near me. I stopped where a tree hid me from the danger of being seen. Heaven knows I did not mean to be a spy upon the poor girl, but I was deeply interested in her. The moon shone large and clear down through the branches on the mossy roots and trunks, and on the rich wilderness of the underwood, throwing dim flitting shadows over the impatient white figure that paced and paced, and would not weary nor rest. While I stood, with a fear and a foreboding of I knew not what stealing upon me and mingling with the sympathy which had been keenly awakened, the figure suddenly paused in its walk, the arms were flung above the head in an attitude of abandonment, and a loud groaning whisper reached me through the clear still air—

"Not my fault—not my fault! Oh, God, pity me!"

I went home.

PART II.

The next time that Grace came to the cottage she grave her hand to Hugh with an eagerness that made the brave fellow blush and tremble like a girl. Her voice was very sweet that day, and her manner very soft and subdued. After she had gone, Madge, my old servant, gave it as her emphatic opinion (delivered to the cat on the kitchen hearth,) that "Miss Grace's smile would coax the birds off the bush." That evening Hugh sat for a long, long time staring out at the bay with an expression on his face which I had never seen there before. And I thought—"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, my dear lad! is it fated that this woman shall bring even yet more trouble upon us?"

About this time Margaret Avon had a slight illness, and Grace had an errand to the village on her horse almost every day—for books, for medicine, or for the gratification of some whim of her grandmother, who insisted on the girl's riding every morning, lest her health should suffer from the close attendance upon her which Grace was disposed to give. But Margaret did not know that Hugh was at the cottage, or she would assuredly never have sent Grace cantering up to its porch morning after morning, with cheeks glowing, lips scarlet, and eyes sparkling with the healthful exercise. I should have spoken of his being there, only for the fear of agitating her dangerously by mentioning a name which for so many long years had been a forbidden one between us. And so Grace came and went, and I soon saw how Hugh's eyes flashed when the clatter of the well-known hoofs sounded in our ears through the open window, and how eagerly he hurried to the gate to help her from the saddle.

At last I said to him one day:

"Hugh, my lad! I think you had better go back to your work."

"He, knowing very well what I meant, met my eyes frankly, and said:

"Yes; I think I had."

And he went.

On Margaret's recovery, her first care was to invite visitors to Bracken Hollow. The house was soon filled, and balls, and pic-nics, and boating parties passed the summer days and nights gayly for its inmates. I never joined in their amusements, but I looked in now and again, just to see how our young Italian rose bloomed on the mountain-side; and, finding her pale and weary-looking, and subject to her old strange moods, I ordered her to renew her exercise on horseback. But her gay guests from town did not care for riding, they found the Glen roads too rough.

"Well, then," I said, "you must ride alone. We cannot have grandmamma breaking her heart about those pale cheeks."

And after that I had many an early visit from Grace, who would arrive at my door of mornings when I was sitting down to my

eight o'clock breakfast, and flesh into the room, crying:

"Will you give me a cup of your tea, doctor? those lazy people at the Hollow will not have breakfast for two hours to come."

She had some suitors among her gay visitors. On one of these—a handsome, wealthy fellow—I thought Margaret Avon looked with favor, though I scarcely imagined that she could contemplate parting with her precious child so soon. But all these fine people seemed only to weary Grace, and she evidently regarded as so many boons the stray hours spent with me and Madge and Rough.

Hugh had been gone two months, when one morning I had a note to say that he had taken a dislike to his work, had got headaches, and must have a day—if only a day—in the Glens to refresh him. I shook my head over the letter. Never had Hugh taken a whim like this before. I lifted a vase of flowers arranged by Grace yesterday morning, lifted them, breathed their sweetness, and shook my head again. "Dangerous," I said; "dangerous!" But, feeling that I could do nothing, I was fain to apply myself to the Lancet, and try to forget my perplexities.

Late that evening, in the midst of the first shower of a thunder-storm, Grace's steed flew to the door, and Grace herself cried with comical distress:

"Doctor! doctor! will you take me in and dry me?"

I lifted her, laughing, from the saddle, and carried her in all dripping with rain. Madge, with many "Mercy me's!" and "Heartalives!" helped to free her from her drenched habit, and after she had re-appeared to me, arrayed in a wrapper of pink print belonging to Madge's daughter, with her limp hair brushed wet from her forehead, and her face as fresh as a newly-washed rose, after this I said,

"Now, my dear, you are storm-stayed for the night. I have sent back the servant to say so to your grandmother. Let Madge set forth her best tea cups and prepare her most delectable griddle-cakes, and let us make ourselves as sociable as possible. Your gay friends must spare you to us till to-morrow."

She laughed, and tears flashed into her eyes, which April-like contradiction of mood was a trick of hers when much pleased. The next minute she said, abruptly:

"Doctor, if I were to be turned out by my grandmother, and to come to you a beggar, would you call me 'my dear,' and give me a night's lodging till I should find somewhere to go to?"

"Yes," said I, laughing at her earnestness; "and perhaps a cup of tea, too, if you were a good girl. And who knows but I might send you to fetch my slippers, and install you behind my tea-pot as housekeeper and stocking-darner to a single, old gentleman?"

She said, eagerly,

"Would you?" and then turned away and went out of the room. Not long afterwards I heard her putting much the same question to Madge, in the kitchen.

"Madge, if I were a beggar and came to the back door, would you give me a bit of that cake, and call me 'Miss Grace, darlin,' and let me sit here and nurse pusey on my knee?"

And then I heard Madge's startled rejoinder,

"For the Lord's sake, Miss Grace! To be sure I would, with a heart an' a-half!"

What can fill her brain with such fancies? I thought. How could her grandmother ever turn against her? Unless, indeed—and then my thoughts wandered away to things possible in connection with Hugh. But, no; her own two grandchildren—

Here my reflections were interrupted by a knocking at the door. I started to my feet, and flung away my paper. It was Hugh's knock.

I saw their meeting that night on the bright sanded hearth of Madge's kitchen, whither Hugh had rushed to shake off his wet greatcoat, and from that hour I made up my mind to one thing as inevitable. Grace made our tea that night and buttered our cakes, and afterwards they two read poetry together at the table, like a pair of young fools (I give the name in all tenderness,) a pair of wise, happy, foolish children.

But the next day brought the cavalier before-mentioned to conduct Miss Avon home. He treated me and Hugh with the air of a superior being, and I could not but smile as Hugh, having conducted himself towards the visitor with much dignified hauteur, finally flung the gate, and muttered something fierce between his teeth which I could not hear.

After that little adventure there was an end of Grace's visits to the cottage. Her grandmother heard of Hugh incidentally from the cavalier, and Grace was ordered to turn her horse's head in adifferent direction from the village when she went on her rides. So we saw no more of her for some time; but Hugh had his consolation in hearing of the dismissal of the cavalier, who, followed by the rest of the visitors, took his way from Bracken Hollow soon after.

Hugh's "day" lengthened into some weeks, and he had never once seen Grace since that night. Margaret was growing very weakly, and I was obliged to visit the Hollow regularly. On these occasions it struck me that Grace was looking ill and dejected. I invariably found her seated patiently by her grandmother's side. Poor Margaret said her child was the best of nurses. One evening she accompanied me to the hall door. Autumn was waning fast, the sunset glared upon the mountains with a frosty fire, the air was disturbed by the constant rustling of dead leaves haunting the earth in search of a grave. Grace wore a pale grey dress, and the bright color was gone from her cheeks and lips as she stood on the threshold gazing towards the horizon, with dull dark eyes just lit by a red reflection from the western sky. Although not of a poetic temperament, I could not but think she looked more like a spirit than anything else; much too like a spirit to please my professional eyes.

I thought it right to tell her that her grandmother's disease was such as might extinguish life suddenly at any time. I thought it only natural that she should cry, but we had no scene. The trouble was strong and genuine, but controlled. As she gave me her hand at parting, she said:

"Doctor, if she were gone, might I not do as I pleased with the property which she says will be mine?"

I said I believed she might.

"And if I chose to give it to some one who has a better right to it than I have, would you help me to return to Italy? I believe I could earn my bread there on the stage."

I told her she was a foolish child, and had been moped too much in the sick room. I made her promise to take a long walk on the morrow.

Next evening I found Margaret on her couch in the drawing-room alone. She had sent the dear child for a ramble, she said. She herself felt much better. I sat a long time by her sofa. The poor old lady was in a good humor, and communicative. She discussed with me the affair of the cavalier, in which, as I had guessed, Grace had proved unmanageable.

"Do not wonder," she said, "at my anxiety about it. I am very old. I may go any day. I should like to see the dear child happily settled before I close my eyes. He is a fine young fellow, and it would be a suitable connection for the Avon family. But he will come again, he will come again. She will soon tire of this dull life. It must come right. I have set my heart on it. And then—"

"Ay!" I thought, "and then?" But that "then" the future was destined never to bring forth.

"Give me your arm, dear friend," she said, "and take me to the door. I long for a breath of the fresh air."

We went together to the door, and stood quietly looking out into the mild fresh dusk, the deeply tinted shades of a highland twilight. Impalpable echoes floated dreamily in the air, stray notes from drowsy birds dropped down from startled nooks aloft; the trees seemed whispering an audible hush one to another, and now and again a brown leaf hovered reluctantly to the ground.

My eyes were better than Margaret's, and I was the first to see two figures coming slowly from among the trees. I passed my hand over my eyes, and looked again. Yes, they were surely coming, Grace and Hugh. Quickly I saw that he was almost carrying her, and that her arm hung helplessly by her side. As they approached the house I saw what was the matter. The girl's left arm was broken. I believe that surprise in seeing Hugh at first prevented Margaret from observing Grace's accident. In my own anxiety I did not note how her face greeted her grandson, but presently I heard her say in a husky voice—that pitiful, quavering voice which always will betray the emotion of the aged, no matter how strong or stern may be the spirit:

"May I ask, sir, who are you?"

I glanced at Hugh. His eyes were wide and bright, his mouth pale and firm. Never had he looked nobler; never had he looked more like his mother. Some touching echo in the old lady's voice bade me hope, despite the hard uncourteousness of her words. How would Hugh behave?

He uncovered his head deferentially, and announced himself as Hugh Desmond.

At the name her mouth twitched ominously. Poor old Margaret! she had a struggle before she answered.

"Then, sir, I will trouble you to come no further; you are not required here!"

"He saved me," moaned Grace; "but for him I should have been brought dead to your door."

"Dead! Dead!" Margaret repeated in a hurried terrified voice, and I thought she glanced wistfully at Hugh. But the lad looked defiant, and the old spirit would not be so easily quenched. I think it drew an accession of bitterness and strength from Hugh's careless independence of bearing. She said grimly: "You have done well, sir, but you have done enough. We will trouble you no more. You may go."

"I will first place my cousin Grace in a less painful position," said the boy, boldly, and at the same time he carried the girl past her into the parlor, and laid her on the sofa.

"And now I will obey your hospitable commands, madam," he said, bowing to her with the same slightly scornful deference, where she stood trembling by, with the frown gathering blacker on her brows each second.

"Go!" she whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door with her shaking finger.

"Oh! wait, wait!" moaned Grace. But he was gone.

She raised her head. She sat up leaning upon her sound arm. Her hand, white and damp with the dew of agony, grasped the cushions with fierce effort. Her suffering must have been almost intolerable, but there was something in the wild, dark eyes looking from her pallid face, that told of mental pain to which mere physical torture was little.

"What have you done?" she cried in a kind of passionate wail. "You have driven away the only creature who has a right to rest under your roof, your only grandchild. For me, I am nothing to you; nothing, nothing. I solemnly swear that I am not Grace Avon. Grace Avon died twelve years ago!"

She got up with her white wet face, and broken arm; she waved me off; she shrank away, and crawled rather than walked from the room. I led Margaret to a chair. She did not speak, but her face worked piteously. She had got a sore, sore blow. I rang for a trusty servant, and followed Grace. At the bottom of the stairs I found my poor child, stretched stiff and insensible, with her face buried in the mat. I carried her up to bed. It was long before that swoon gave way. When it did there was violent illness and much danger. Late that night I stood by Margaret's bedside. It shook me with trouble to see how my poor old friend had aged and altered during the past few hours. From that bed I knew she would never rise again.

"Don't send her away!" she whispered. "Not yet. I would not turn out a dog with a broken leg. Let her get well. But take her away when she is better. I cannot see her. My heart is broken."

And she turned her poor face to the wall. Oh, stern soul! Oh, inexorable will! the retribution had come.

I found myself wondering much just then that Margaret should have so quickly admitted and comprehended Grace's strange confession, that she had not received it slowly and understood it with difficulty. But I afterwards knew that she had long suspected the girl of having some secret trouble, something that pressed heavily on her conscience, which she, Margaret, could not and dared not divine. Therefore it was that Grace's short vehement declaration came upon her, as upon me, with all the crushing weight of truth.

I went back to Grace, and there, in the dead of night, with the lamp between us burning dim, and the shadows lurking black in the corners of the big old-fashioned room, I heard all the tale of this poor girl's life and suffering, and unwilling wrong-doing. The pain could not force her to keep silent till to-morrow, she must speak, she would confess. She writhed upon her pillow, she bit her poor lip, but she would go on.

"I was a poor little hungry, wretched, half naked child," she said, "begging in the streets. A kind looking English lady took me by the hand and brought me home to her house. She clothed and fed me, and kept me with her. She taught me, and I loved to learn, and I was very happy. She always spoke of my kind grandmother who paid her for taking care of me, and who supplied all my pretty frocks, and toys, and sweetmeats; and told me that one day I should go across the sea, and live with that good grandmother. She seemed very anxious that I should forget all about my childhood before coming to her, and about that day when she first found me in the street and brought me home. But I could not forget. I remembered it all distinctly, and as I grew older, the memory of that part of my life puzzled me greatly. Hints from a servant first made me suspect something wrong. I spoke to the lady, but she was very angry, and would tell me nothing. At last, when the time arrived for me to leave her she became frightened, I believe, acknowledged the deceit which she had practised on my supposed grandmother, and conjured me to keep the secret, which she said was now mine much more than hers. The child left in her care, for whose education and maintenance she had been handsomely paid, had died at seven years of age, and her selfish dread of losing so good an income had induced her to conceive the cruel plan of concealing the death, and substituting another for the poor little girl who was gone. I was the unhappy creature on whom she fixed for the carrying out of her purpose, choosing me, she said, because she thought my face would please my supposed grandmother.

"She told me all this just before my departure for Ireland. My trunks were packed, and strangers were to bring me home. I implored her to write and confess to my—to Mrs. Avon, all that she had done; but she only laughed, and called me a fool. She said if I kept my secret no one need ever know that I was not Grace Avon. She said, 'What would you do, reared and educated as you have been, if you were turned adrift on the world, friendless and penniless? Besides, how could you prove your story? Who would believe you? They will perhaps place you in a madhouse. I can easily hint that your brain is unsound.'

"When she found that I was not afraid for myself, she reminded me of the poor old lady who expected me, who would be so enraptured to see me, and whom the shock of my confession would probably kill. I cried all through the nights. I prayed for strength to do what was right. I thought I would tell the friends who came to fetch me, and ask their advice. But when they arrived they were gay, fine people, and I could not find courage to speak. I fancied how they would stare, and shrink away from me.

"Then I resolved to wait, and tell my—tell Mrs Avon herself. Whilst travelling here I longed to confide in you, for your kindness encouraged me; but still my voice failed me. I could not do it. Arrived here, I found it still more impossible to confess to the old lady, who was so good to me and loved me so well, that I was only an impostor, and that she had no grandchild. And then—when I learned Hugh's story—oh! what I have suffered since that day! Every hour that passed made it more terrible to confess, and every day that rolled over my head was another sin added to the mountain of wrong which was choking up my life. At times I have thought, she cannot live a great many years; I will try to make her happy during her life. I will cling to her faithfully, and nurse her and love her; and when she is gone I will give up every penny which she bequeaths me, to the rightful heir, and go away and try to earn my bread upon the stage; and perhaps the doctor will pity and forgive me, and help me to carry out the plan of my new life.

"I was thinking over all this to-night on the rocks. I was sitting on the edge of a bank; it gave way, and I fell from a good height down upon the stones. I must have fainted from the shock and pain. When I recovered I thought myself dying, and I was not sorry. I had suffered so much, and I thought, now my troubles must end, and that God would pardon me for the wrong I had so unwillingly done. And just then I saw Hugh's face. My eyes and senses were both dim, and I thought it was looking at me down from the sky, and then it came hovering nearer and plainer, and at last I saw it beside me. He lifted me up; I scarcely know how we got here. You know the rest. It was very wrong to speak so suddenly; but I could not keep silent when I saw him treated so."

This was her pitiful story.

For long I scarcely left the house, passing continually from one sick room to the other. At last one day I carried Grace down to the phaeton, and drove her quietly to the cottage, where Hugh and Madge watched for us. And then Grace lay for many days on our little parlor sofa, with her bandaged arm and her white cheek, and all her thoughts filled with the poor old lonely lady lying ill at Bracken Hollow. And Hugh went about the room like a woman, and mended the fire, without noise, and read his book quietly in the corner, and when she was able to enjoy it, read it aloud to Grace. And Grace said to me one day, "Doctor, Hugh does not know all, or he would not be so good to me. I had rather you would tell him." And I said, "My dear, Hugh knows every word that you told me. Here he is; I will let him speak for himself."

And as Hugh came in I went out, calling Rough from his lazy haunt beside the sofa. As I put on my great-coat, and turned my face towards the glen, I knew very well what would happen before I came back. On my return Madge met me at the door with a warning, "Whisht, sir!" and on entering the parlor I found it filled with deep red light from the peat fire, the curtains drawn, the sofa arranged by a tender hand, and Grace sleeping softly, with a look upon her face which caused me to congratulate myself upon my gift of prophecy.

Not very long afterwards Hugh and Grace were wed, and a day was fixed for their departure for India, Hugh having got an appointment there. Margaret Avon lay expecting her death; but she would neither see nor forgive her grandchildren. She would not even yet relent. Grace stole in one day whilst she slept, and kissed her withered cheek; and the next day they left me alone.

They had been gone some weeks when one evening Margaret sent for me. She was very weak and very gentle.

"Dear friend," she said, "I have been dreaming much about Mary. I feel death coming, and I want to see those children. Send them to me."

Alas, and alas! they were far away, and I had to tell her so.

"It is my punishment," she said. "My life has been all wrong. God forgive me!" and she turned her face to the wall.

* * * * *

Her grave is green. For two years the old house has been dark and desolate, and now it will again be filled with life. That letter is not a dream; it is there with its seal and its many post marks. They are coming home.

I have scribbled away the night. I draw the curtain. Darkness wanes, and the sea grows visible. Red lights are struggling in the east. God be with the past! It is another day. R. M.

☞ A rebel letter-writer, discussing the ragged and shoeless condition of the rebel army in Virginia, calls them "Lee's Miserables."

WINTER-SLEEP.

The winter-sleep of many animals is a wonderful provision of nature—although we are perhaps wrong in giving the name of sleep to such a state of torpor, for it is neither produced by over-exertion, nor caused by a want of repose. Some prepare for this uncertain state of slumber by storing up food against they awake, or revive—for either hunger, or a sudden change from cold to heat, or causes which are to us unknown, and against which several of our hibernating quadrupeds appear to guard, often rouse them at mid-winter, and there is no doubt that they would perish were it not for this fresh supply of food. Some, like the dormouse and harvest-mouse, coil themselves up like a ball, and may be rolled about without evincing any sign of life while in this state—so may the hedgehog—although the latter ever assumes such a form when in danger, and presents the same lifeless appearance at pleasure, while, unlike the former, it lays up no store against winter. The squirrel also passes a great part of the cold season in a torpid state, taking care, however, in case he should feel "the hungry edge of appetite," to have a dozen or two well-stored larders in readiness, which he very often finds robbed, when he comes to visit them. But no one seems to lay up such provision for winter as the long-tailed field-mouse, which consists of acorns, nuts, corn, and seeds of various descriptions, the accumulation of many a journey, which, when garnered, and nicely arranged, is often rooted up by some hog, as he comes grunting and smelling about the ground where this little hoarder has concealed his treasure. How he manages to pass the winter when his house is thus broken open and robbed, we are at a loss to divine, for we can readily imagine that one who has made such bountiful provision in his chamber, would not be able to rest long together when it is empty.

☞ Cheap Cheese.—Near Rome, N. Y., is a cheese factory which manufactures at a cost of one cent per pound. The care of it requires only four hands. The milk is brought from the farms every morning, and the cheese is divided among the proprietors in proportion to the number of gallons of milk furnished by each.

☞ To the mind of a thoughtful person it appears strange that a large division of our brave army, just when most eager to gather laurels, should be sent to Cul-pepper.

☞ It is stated that linens of a coarse kind are now manufactured in Ireland, that are not only relatively, but absolutely cheaper that cotton.

☞ The school-books lately published by the Austrian Government are printed on paper made from corn-shucks, or the leaves which protect the ear of maize. This material gives the paper a yellowish color, which medical men hold to be less fatiguing to the eye than the snowy pages.

☞ In a recent history of England, from the fall of Woolsey to the death of Elizabeth, written by Froude, are published letters to Bothwell, which have been found in Spain, and, if genuine, prove beyond all question that Mary Queen of Scots designed and caused the death of Darnley, her husband.

☞ Bad Luck and Good.—It has been said that the will of Madame de Lamartine is informal, and consequently that the poet will lose the property bequeathed to him by his wife. The poet is about to assuage his grief by espousing a Russian Princess—with money.

☞ The French ladies are going to start a new fashion. The little tuft which starts from the roots of the hair at the side of the face, and is frequently curled, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass, and to be frizzled so as to look like whiskers.

☞ White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps his score—two, three or four-score, as the case may be—on a man's head.

☞ A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps says the motto with them is—"United we sleep; divided we freeze."

☞ An ungenerous commentator on men and things, remarks that cats, women and politicians have one sentiment in common. They are more attached to places than persons.

☞ An Imaginative Preacher.—At Milan, lately, a preacher, in describing the day of judgment to his congregation, gratified them with the following choice piece of history:—"And St. Jerome, that great saint, used also to read profane books in his youth; but having one day visited the Vatican, and seen the terrible 'Last Judgment' painted by Raphael, fled from home, and concealed himself in a cavern to strike his bosom with a stone.' St. Jerome was born in the year 331, and Raphael in 1483.

☞ A one-legged man died suddenly in France the other day. His wooden leg was buried with him. His sister, on looking over his will, discovered that in the wooden leg were deposited 5,000f. The body was exhumed, and the sum of 1,080f. found in the leg.

☞ A merchant of Philadelphia, who a few years ago was reported to be wealthy, and making annually from five to ten thousand dollars, is now a driver on a passenger railroad car, at $9 per week.

THACKERAY'S IMPRESSIONS OF GOETHE.

"I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long gray or drab redingot, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called 'Melmoth the Wanderer,' which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago—eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and, at an extreme old age, retained these eyes in all their awful splendor. I fancied that Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the Frauenplan; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little, golden-haired grand-daughter, over whose sweet, fair face the earth has long since closed too." The date to which the description must be referred is 1831; and the extraordinary darkness of the eyes is explained in a note to be attributable "to the position in which he sat with regard to the light," for "Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark."

A New Cure for Hydrophobia.—A new cure for hydrophobia has been mentioned in England. An eminent physician refers to Youatt, who told him that his remedy was to allow the common nitrate of silver, easily procurable, to filter into the wound; it decomposes the saliva, and in doing this destroys the virus. He says that the nitrate of silver chases the poison into the very capillaries, and neutralizes it. The physician adds, that "poison of hydrophobia remains latent on an average six weeks; the part heals over, but there is a pimple or wound, more or less irritable; it then becomes painful, and the germ, whatever it is, is ripe for dissemination into the system, and then all hope is gone." Nevertheless, between the time of the bite and the activity of the wound, previous to dissemination, the caustic or nitrate of silver is a sure preventive; after that, it is as useless as all the other means. The best mode of application of the nitrate of silver is by introducing it solidly into the wound. It melts in an equal quantity of water. If already healed, the cicatrix should be rubbed and cauticated away entirely.

☞ William S. Mount, the comic painter of American life, has provided himself, at his residence in the country, with a movable studio. It can be drawn from place to place on wheels by a pair of horses, and when stationary can be turned about from one point of view to another, so as to allow the artist, sitting comfortably within, to make, not merely sketches, but the most deliberate and finished studies from nature. On one side of the room the wall is formed by a large parallelogram of strong plate glass, like those used in the more sumptuous shops in Broadway, but of the most perfect and aerial transparency, and through this the artist has his view of the objects he chooses to delineate. Within is every convenience which the painter requires—easels, tables, drawers for the paints, and a stove for keeping the room warm in cold weather. The ventilation of the room is also provided for. By means of the accommodation afforded by this studio a winter landscape may be transferred to the canvas, at the artist's perfect leisure, when the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer is below zero.

☞ A Feat of Penmanship.—The late Mr. Thackeray was an accomplished penman, and used to pride himself on the neatness and dexterity with which he could cram the greatest possible number of words into the smallest possible space. A few weeks before his death he was present at the usual Saturday dinner, at which the contributors to Punch are accustomed to meet and arrange the programme for the next week's number. The conversation turning upon Mr. Thackeray's skill in this way, he was challenged to give an illustration, whereupon he produced a fourpenny piece, and having marked the circle of the coin with a pen on a piece of paper, he drew in the centre a crown, and filled up the remaining space with the Lord's Prayer, which he transcribed without a single contraction except in the case of the word "which," spelling it "wh." Singular to relate, too, the pen used was an ordinary goose quill which happened to be in the room.

☞ Lord Kenyon's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his temper good, and Jekyll summed up both facts by saying, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion Week in his parlor."

NEWS ITEMS.

A good *bon mot* of the Grand Vizier, apropos of the clerical squabble about the burial of the late Baroui chitzschi, is told by the Levant Herald. It appears that the defeated "Catholic" party urged their right, in the last resort, before his highness, affirming that they held conclusive proofs of the deceased functionary having died a member of their communion. "Well, then," said Fuad Pacha, "since you are thus sure of his soul, you can, I think, afford to leave the others his body;" an award which will bear no indifferent comparison with the famous judgment of Solomon.

An acutely-sensible lady of New York observes, that of the births taking place in that city, those which occur in families whose attachment to the Union is decided and zealous, are mostly boys, while in families in which there is a decided sympathy for the secession cause, they are girls. It has often been said, that in countries wasted by long wars, which carry off the male population, the male births largely predominate.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has just entered into partnership for life with Mr. Maxwell, the publisher, and has become a fortune to him.

The Duke of Brunswick's collection of diamonds consists of one weighing 53 carats, with a whitish tint; another an opaque black diamond weighing 342 carats; a third was taken from a Turkish sabre; a fourth from a royal necklace; a fifth was the eye of an Indian idol; a rose brilliant, 41 carats, was taken by the Emperor Baber at Agra; two others were buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro's vest; a ninth was from a finger-ring worn by Mary Queen of Scots; and a tenth and eleventh were from ear pendants worn by Marie Antoinette. The duke has stones worth 100 000, 150 000, 175,000, 300,000, 348 000, and 400,000 francs.

Bishop Colenso concludes a protest, addressed to the Bishop of Capetown, stating that he has instructed Dr. Black to appear in person in his behalf: First, to protest against your lordship's jurisdiction; secondly, to read this letter of which I have sent him a duplicate, as my defence, if your lordship should assume to exercise jurisdiction; thirdly, if you should assume jurisdiction, and deliver a judgment adverse to me, to give you notice of my intention to appeal from such judgment.

Prof. Louis Agassiz whilst in Pittsburg, received an autograph letter, dated January 4, 1864, from Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, inviting his return to the country which gave him birth, and with whose language and institutions he was so well acquainted and identified. The professor, however, will decline the offer, as he prefers to live in the United States. His admirers will rejoice to learn his determination, as the culture and intellectual acquirements of such men are the richest heritage of any nation. —*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The family of Mr. Fasig, New York, were poisoned a few days since by eating raw ham. A girl of two years old died. The rest were saved by the use of emetics. A microscopic examination revealed the fact that the ham was filled with a poisonous animalcule. The ment looked well and seemed perfectly good.

Good for Francis Joseph.—Those very stiff-necked swells, the Austrian nobility, (says the Illustrated Times) have recently received a heavy rap upon their noble knuckles from no less a personage than the Emperor Francis Joseph. At one of the Court balls a young officer of artillery, of plebeian birth, asked a lady of high rank to dance with him. All the lady's blue blood flushed into her face as she refused with marked disdain. Poor young officer! For a moment he must have felt every inch a democrat; the contempt of a woman is hard to bear. The Emperor, who had seen the insult offered to his guest and his uniform, came up and said, "Captain, my mother wishes to dance with you!" And a minute after the gunner was clasping the hand, and perhaps the waist, of her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Frederick Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, mother of his Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

Female Voters in Ireland.—It will strike the American public, who arrogate the monopoly of progressive ideas, that in Ireland women are allowed to vote. True enough, the Irish Court of Queen's Bench has decided that women have a right to vote for town commissioners. The chief justice said that the twenty-second section of the towns-improvement act clearly gave the right to vote to "every person of full age," duly qualified by property, without adding anything to indicate that "persons" meant males only. Women, therefore, had a right to vote under the act. Mr. Justice O'Brien, Mr. Justice Hayes, and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, concurred in this view of the law, and the latter stated that he must not be understood as denying that ladies were entitled to sit as town commissioners, as well as to vote for them.

☞ A half-famished fellow in the Southern states, tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less,") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed—"Who's there?" and was answered—"The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."

☞ A poet lecturer (Saxe, very likely,) was congratulated, the other day, on the pleasure of popularity. "Don't you find it pleasant," said a pretty woman, "to be surrounded by a crowd of ladies in the way you were last night, after the lecture?" "Yes," said ——, smiling his acknowledgement of the compliment; "but it would be vastly pleasanter to be surrounded by *one!*"

☞ Some time ago a lunatic confined in the Richmond (England) Asylum was killed in the night by another patient, not previously supposed to be dangerous. His widow brought an action against the superintendent, which after a two days trial, was decided in his favor, the jury not considering that she sustained any damage by losing an insane husband.

A JACOBITE RHYME REVIVED.

BY A MUDDLED STUDENT OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

Bless Holstein's rightful King, the State's defender,
Bless,—there's no harm in blessing the Pretender.
Which the Pretender is, and which the King,
Blest if I know; that's quite another thing.

☞ Goldwin Smith, the eminent British scholar and statesman, is now showing up in the London papers the barbarous way in which the English conduct the war in New Zealand. They hunt the natives with bloodhounds, and the soldiers in one instance robbed a graveyard, set up a New Zealander's skull on a pole, and then pelted it with stones.

☞ California raisins are the greatest novelty. They are equal to the best imported and don't cost as much. Very few have appeared in the Atlantic states, but in course of time they will drive the foreign fruit from the market.

Valuable Medicine.—We presume no medical preparation ever offered to the public has been more thoroughly tested than Perry Davis' Pain Killer. Thousands of persons, were they called on to do so, would cheerfully testify that they have used it for various ills, with the most satisfactory success. It is within our own knowledge, that an immense amount of suffering has been relieved by it. Its proprietors, Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, save no pains or expense in order to satisfy the public. Being strictly honorable men, they observe the utmost uniformity in the manufacture of their celebrated Pain Killer. The materials of which it is composed are carefully selected—none but the best quality being used. By these means the high reputation which the Pain Killer has long since acquired is at all times triumphantly sustained. In view of these facts, we are by no means surprised to learn that Messrs. Davis & Son's sales are constantly and rapidly increasing. While we congratulate our friends generally that so valuable a preparation as the Pain Killer is placed within their reach, we must be permitted to rejoice at the well merited success of its liberal and enterprizing proprietors.—*Providence General Advertiser.*

An Officer in the Army writes:—"At inspection I noticed that a large proportion of the men's knapsacks contained a box of Troches, being generally used by them for colds, etc." "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" should be in every soldier's knapsack or pocket, to be used upon the first appearance of a cold or cough.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull. Sales reach some 14,000 bbls in lots at $6@6,50 for common and good superfine; $6,75@7,25 for extras, the latter for choice Ohio and Penna; $7@8 for extra family, and high grade fancies at $9,50@10 ℔ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,37½@6,50 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is dull at previous quotations.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off and the market is unsettled; sales of 35,000 bus at $1,60@1,68 for fair to choice reds, mostly at $1,65 for prime Penna in store, and $1,80 to 1,95 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—Penna is taken at $1,30. Corn—Sales of 50 000 bus yellow are reported at $1,10@1,12. Oats—Sales of 45,000 bus to note at 86@87c, the latter for heavy Penna. Barley and Malt remain quiet, with small sales of the latter at $1,08 @1,70.

PROVISIONS—The market firm; sales Mess Pork are reported at $22@22½; old is held at $19½@20, and quiet. Of Beef sales are making at $13@17 ℔ bbl for country and city packed Mess. Beef Hams are worth $20@21. Dressed Hogs are better and in demand at $9½@10½ the 100 lbs. Bacon is scarce at 14@16 for plain and fancy Hams, and 9½@10c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats we note sales of Hams, in pickle, at 12½@13c. Lard is firm at 13½@14c for bbls and tcs, and kegs scarce at 15@15½c ℔ lb. Butter is less active; roll is selling at 25@30c, packed is unchanged, and quoted within the range of 20@30c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 28@36c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 13@16c for fair to good, and 17@18c for choice dairies and factory. Eggs are lower and quoted at 35c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market is dull. Sales comprise about 380 bales, in lots, at 75 to 85c for ordinary to good middling quality.

ASHES—The market is unchanged.

BARK—Quercitron is steady. Sales of 70 hhds at $37 for 1st No. 1. Of Tanners' Bark no sales.

BEESWAX—Good yellow 51@52c ℔ lb.

COAL—Business dull, and prices unsettled.

COFFEE—Sales of 6000 bags Laguayra at 33½@34½c, and Rio at 33½@35c; 500 bags St. Domingo at 31½@32c, and Java at 40@41c.

COPPER is firm, and yellow metal steady.

FEATHERS—Western, 61@62c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Sales continue limited at $2,50@3,50 for Green Apples, and $8@12 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit moves off as wanted at 9@9½c for apples, and 13@15 ℔ lb for unpared peaches.

HAY is selling at $25@37 ℔ ton.

HEMP—The market is firmer.

HOPS meet with a fair demand at 28@33c.

IRON—There is a very active demand for Pig Metal; 6000 tons, mostly Anthracite No 1, at $45, cash, and 2000 tons Glendon Forge at $44, cash; Scotch Pig is worth $30 ℔ ton; Blooms and Boiler Plates are scarce and high. For Manufactured Iron the demand is very large.

LEAD is scarce and firm.

LUMBER is firm; sales of Hemlock rafts at $16 for Joists and Scantling, and $19@20 for Boards. Lehigh Boards are quoted at $21@22, and White Pine $30 ℔ M. Laths are unsettled and lower.

MOLASSES is in good demand; sales of 300 hhds Cuba, mostly at 57@60c for Muscovado; some New Orleans at 48@65c, and Syrup at 38@50c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER is scarce at $5 ℔ ton.

RICE is scarce and firm.

SEEDS—There is less demand for Clover; sales of 1500 bus to note at $8,50@9 for fair to prime. Timothy is quiet and held at $3,75. Flaxseed is worth $3,30 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm. N E Rum is steady at 105c. Whiskey has been unsettled and lower at 90@91c for Penna and Western bbls, and Drudge at 88@90c

SUGAR comes in slowly; sales of 950 hhds at 12½@12⅝c for Cuba and English Island and 14@14¼c for New Orleans.

TALLOW is firmer; we quote nominally at 12@12¼c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—There is not much Penna Seed Leaf offering, and prices range at 15@18c for fillers and 20@25c ℔ lb for wrappers.

WOOL—The market for domestic is quiet; sales of 180,000 lbs within the range of 78@80c for low grade to medium and fine fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized were from $7 to 12½ ℔ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ℔ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 8 cts ℔ lb. 2200 head Hogs brought from $9 to 11,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
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Should be used in all cases where pain is experienced. All diseases give due warning of their approach, by pain, and if the Relief is used when pain is felt, the disease will be broken up. Diptheria, Influenza, Cold, Fevers of all kinds, can be prevented by the use of the Ready Relief. If seized with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Pain or Weakness in the Back, Strains, Sprains, Cramps, Spasms, and all other pains, are immediately relieved by Radway's Ready Relief. In sudden attacks of Croup, Diptheria, Influenza, the Ready Relief is a quick and positive cure. In these diseases delays are dangerous. If the Relief is used a cure will be perfected. Price 25 cts per bottle.

Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. George F. Thompson, to Miss Hannah Fithian, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. O. J. Mann, John Conradt, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., to Miss Catharine Haas, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Joseph W. Gutoer, to Miss Mary W. Lodor, both of this city.

On the 30th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. Daniel Shober, to Miss Mary J. Pepper, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Barton A. Vandegrift, to Miss Susie, daughter of the late Charles R. Danenhower, merchant, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. William H. Eastwood, to Miss Kate R. Harris, both of this city.

On the 25th of May last, by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. James D. Smith, to Miss Ellen H. Dallas, both of this city.

On the 5th of Jan, by the Rev. Geo. W. Cox, Mr. Charles Hiorer, to Miss Sarah Kelly, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, William F. Palmer, in his 51st year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. Joseph Hill, in his 48th year.

On the 9th instant, William Davidson, in his 50th year.

On the 8th instant, Mr. David C. Fell, in his 55th year.

On the 8th instant, Robert Fullerton, in his 37th year.

On the 7th instant, John E. Wells, in his 57th year.

On the 7th instant, Catherine Lauber, in her 67th year.

On the 7th instant, George Goldsmith, in his 84th year.

On the 6th instant, Mary Jane, wife of Penrose Fell.

On the 5th instant, Mr. William Exley, in his 65th year.

On the 8th instant, Samuel Fiss, Sr., in his 80th year.

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CAMP SONGS. A Collection of NATIONAL, PATRIOTIC, and SOCIAL SONGS for the Volunteers, 12 cents. The above books contain both WORDS and MUSIC. Copies will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
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feb20-tf

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL RITTER'S Patent Portable Desk, Portfolio, Work-Box, Toilet Case and Checkerboard combined, contains 20 articles useful to soldiers, sailors, miners and travellers, mailed on receipt of $1,75. See Illustrated News for contents.
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Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
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☞ Save Your Life. ☜

Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney Complaint, *Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Gravel, Tetter, Barbers' Itch and Baldness.* A Treatise on the above Diseases with their *speedy and permanent cure*, sent *free* to any address. Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 211 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. feb6-5t

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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Orange Judd, A. M., Proprietor.—Office At 41 Park Row. | Established in 1842. | $1 A Year, in advance.—One number 10 cents.

VOL. 23.—No. 1. NEW YORK, Jan. 1st, 1864.

Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, Jan., 1864, says:
"There is no Journal published, on this or any other "continent, on agriculture or any other subject, which "gives one half as much valuable, practical, and reliable information for one dollar a year, as the American Agriculturist, issued by *Orange Judd, at "Number 41 Park Row, New York City.*"

The above is strong, unsolicited, and unexpected testimony, from high authority. Many other journals have spoken almost as strongly. Among these are the *N. Y. Observer*, the *Independent*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, the *N. Y. Evangelist*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Methodist*, the *Baptist Chronicle*, and indeed almost the entire religious and secular press of the country. For example:

The Methodist, of Feb. 6, 1864, says: "The American Agriculturist undoubtedly stands second to no "other similar journal, in this country or in the world. "A dollar can hardly be better invested by any family, "than in securing this journal with its large amount of "*really practical, useful*, and *reliable* information. Its "Household and Youth's Departments are specially "valuable, aside from its Farm and Garden Departments."

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Your Wife Wants It,
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BECAUSE it is a very large, very beautiful, very **CHEAP PAPER, FULL OF GOOD THINGS.** Each number contains hundreds of useful, reliable articles, hints and suggestions, on the labors of the **HOUSEHOLD**, the **GARDEN**, and the **FARM**, with a very interesting and instructive department for **CHILDREN** and **YOUTH.** Each volume also contains hundreds of beautiful and instructive **ENGRAVINGS**, many of them large. Every line of the *Agriculturist* is prepared by *thorough-going, intelligent, practical*, **Working Men and Women, who know what they talk and write about.** Each number contains 32 large double-quarto pages, beautifully printed on clear white calendared paper, any every yearly volume has 3000 to 4000 useful articles and items, which no one, whatever his or her occupation or location, can read without getting some hints, each worth more than $1. (The great circulation, nearly 100,000, enables the Publisher to still furnish the paper at the old price of only $1 a year.)

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P. S.—THE GREATEST STRAWBERRY, both for *size* and *quality*, ever yet produced, was brought out last June, by Seth Boyden, Esq., the noted inventor of Patent Leather, Malleable Iron, etc. The plants were all purchased by the Proprietor of the *American Agriculturist*, and are being multiplied for *free* distribution among his subscribers for 1864. Any subscriber adding 5 cents to his subscription to cover cost of postage and oil-cloth will be entered on the list of those to receive plants by mail.

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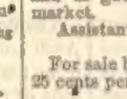
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GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
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BAR ROOM DRINK,
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SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
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Will Cure Every Case of
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HEALTHY NERVES,
STEADY NERVES,
BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 45 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.
This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept constantly under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.
For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following recipe:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

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Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,
Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

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The chills will not return if these bitters are used. No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefit he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.
I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper facts, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1863.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.
The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.
Large Size, $1.00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5.00.
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Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
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Proprietors
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. apl8-sowly

Wit and Humor.

AN ESSAY ON THE MULE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then comes to a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more akordin to their heft than enny other kreetur except a crowbar. Tha kant hear enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only wa to keep them into a paster, is to turn them into a medder jinein, and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use just as soon as tha will du tu abuse. Tha haint got enny more friends than a Chatham street Jew, and will live on huckleberry brush, with an okasional chase at kanada thistles. Tha are a modern invenshun; I don't think the Bible deludes to them at tall. Tha sell for more money than enny other domestic animals. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mexican kannon's. Tha never had no disease that a good club wont heal. If they ever die, they must come right to life again, for I never heard nobody sa "ded mule." Tha are like sum men, very korupt at hart; ive known them to be good for six months just to get a chance to kick sumbody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is United States law passed requirin it. The only reason why tha are pashunt is because tha are ashamed ov themselfs. I hav seen eddikated mules in a sirkus—tha kould kick and bite tremenjis. I would not sa what I am forced to sa agin the mule, if his birth want an outrage, and he haint to blame for it. Enny man who is willin tu drive a mule ought tu be exempt by law from runnin for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest kreeters on arth, and heaviest ackordin to their size. I herd tell ov one who fell oph from the tow-path on the kanawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towin the boat tu the nex stashun, breathin through his ears, which was out ov water about 3 feet 6 inches. I didn't see this, but an auctioneer told me ov it, and i never knew an auctioneer to lie unless he would make something out ov it.

HIS LAST EFFORT.

A party of gentlemen who were making a pleasure tour through the different watering-places, were wont to amuse themselves at the table by relating anecdotes, conundrums, &c. There was one gentleman among them, a Mr. A., who was always greatly delighted at these jokes, and laughed louder than the rest, but who never related anything himself. He was often rallied for this, and he determined one day that the next time he was called upon, he would have something to relate. Meeting one of the waiters, he asked him if he knew any good jokes or conundrums. The waiter told him that he did, and related the following:

"It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," telling him at the same time that it was himself.

The gentleman bore it in mind, and the next day at dinner he suddenly broke out with:

"I've got a conundrum for you."

"Propound it!" exclaimed his companions.

"It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," said the gentleman, throwing a triumphant glance around the table.

"Then it must be yourself," said one of the company.

"I've got you now, you are all wrong, it is the waiter—"

A shout of laughter interrupted A., who, perceiving the mess he had got into, acknowledged the error, and told the company that he would pay for the wine.

That was A.'s last effort.

A DRY PUMP.—In a town in the goodly state of Massachusetts, did one time reside a little lass of six years old, whose name was Martha. In the same house with this little lass lived a maiden lady of very unpleasant ways, whose delight it was to "pester" the small Martha with questions, by which means Martha had come to much dislike Miss Pump. Once Martha made a visit to Boston. When she returned, Miss Pump set upon her. Whereat this colloquy:

"Where ye been, Marthy?".

"To Boston, Miss Pump."

"La! And who'd ye see there, Marthy?"

"Oh! I saw a—e angel."

"My! And what'd the angel say, Marthy?"

"He said, 'How do you do, pretty little girl.'"

"Sakes! And who else'd ye see, Marthy?"

"Oh, I saw—I saw—the old 'un!"

"Mercy! And what'd *he* say, Marthy?"

"He said, 'How's my good friend, Miss Pump.'"

The pump became suddenly dry.

☞ A youngster on coming home from his first term at a boarding school, and on being asked what he had been fed on, replied, "Multiplication tables hashed, and stewed substraction."

A CONSCIENTIOUS MINISTER.—There is a story of a travelling preacher, whose opinions in regard to horseflesh were quite as ready and orthodox as were the views of scriptural doctrine with which he enlightened his backwoods audiences, who once stopped at the house of a brother of the same faith, who had reared a beautiful colt. Between the two services on Sunday, the two ministers visited the barn of the resident preacher, where the latter introduced his promising colt to his travelling brother. The guest was so much delighted at the fine points of the animal, that he could not restrain himself, and he immediately blurted out the question, "Suppose it were not the Sabbath, Brother S——, *how would you trade?*"

WOULD TAKE BOTH.—An Irishman was requested by a lady, notorious for her parsimoniousness and niggardly habits, to do for her some handiwork. The job was performed to her complete satisfaction.

"Pat," said the old miser, "I must treat you."

"God bless your honor, ma'am," replied Pat.

"Which would you prefer, a glass of porter or a tumbler of punch?"

"I don't wish to be troublesome, ma'am," said the Hibernian, turning round and winking at the thin ribbed butler, "but I'll take the one while you're making the other."

PREPARING SEAWEED.

Most specimens should be arranged on paper within a few hours after collecting on the beach, as some of the fine scarlets begin to change color and decompose after twenty-four hour's exposure to air when no longer growing. Good drawing-paper, rather rough, such as is used for water-color painting, is the best substance to spread them upon, and this should be cut a little larger than it will ultimately be required to be. The brown thick weeds require to be washed once or twice by letting water flow over them; and most of the slightly stiff greens and olive greens and reds require at least one rinse in a basin, to be done very gently, so as not to break any of the extremities. A plate or soup plate does to lay them in; the drawing paper must be under the weed, with just enough water to float it out, and the arrangement must be made by spreading it gently with an ivory knitting-needle, or some such article. A common darning needle will often do good work, but care must always be taken not to injure the specimen with the hard point. When done, the water must be gently got rid of, either by a syphon, or else a small bit of sponge, applied outside a corner of the paper as it lies in the dish, so that the water is removed without stirring the weed again. With strong specimens the paper may be boldly lifted up flat, and with some brown fuci the paper need only be damped thoroughly, the piece put upon it as wished; then the whole to be placed between blotting paper under a light pressure. When the paper has been in the water for some time, during the spreading laying it on a towel to dry a little is requisite before placing it between the blotting-paper, and upon each bit should be spread a fine piece of linen (an old pocket-handkerchief centre is as good as anything) and these rags should be thoroughly washed clean between each time they are used; they prevent the adhesion of the specimen to the blotting-paper above, and can be easily removed when the drying is completed, which, on the whole, takes place much more quickly than is the case with flowers, two or three days being enough in most cases. The natural gumminess of the seaweed is generally enough to make it adhere closely to the drawing paper, which should be trimmed tidily round the edges, and a line or two drawn round about a quarter of an inch inside the margin makes a pretty finish. The white drawing-papers can either be mounted on each colored leaf of a suitable album, or kept separate like a pack of cards in a cardboard folio or box, out of which they can be raised by a ribbon underneath. The rinsing in cold, fresh water is chiefly done with the intention to remove the saline particles, and the amount of washing requisite will be best ascertained by experience, as it varies in different kinds; and if too much prolonged, some of the characteristic color will also be changed.

The paper must be quite clean when removed from the dish, and under sufficient pressure the mucilage from the seaweed will secure its adherence quite closely so as to seem part of the paper itself. No weed looks better than the *Ulva lactuca* or green cooking laver, dried directly after removing from its habitat.

The very thick, rough, brown belts and ropes do not dry well as they will absorb moisture again from the atmosphere, and then grow mouldy, and for this quality are considered good barometers in many country farm-houses when simply hung up in an airy place, the more or less degree of stiffness in the weed, acting as a clumsy hygrometer. Corallines look well on black or dull red paper, to which they must be moved and gummed (with Gum Tragacanth) after flattening. They also do well simply dried in a pretty bunch to place in an ornamental flower-vase, under a glass or some other protection from the dust, as they are rigid enough to retain their own form and primrose color.

H. L. B.

PRETTY figure cut by Mr. De Boots when attempting one of his fascinating bows on the ice.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS IN A NEW LIGHT.—To some extent the air of romance that surrounded her may be dissipated by the knowledge that she was very uncleanly in her habits, and brought along with her from beyond the Tweed a host of domestics, who defiled and destroyed everything they touched. Frederick of Prussia's sister, Wilhelmina, describes, in her charming Memoirs, a visit paid by the Czar and Czarina of Russia to her father: when, having assigned to them a pretty little palace in the neighborhood of Berlin, they so completely polluted it with filth that it seems never to have been clean afterwards. It was much the same with Mary Stuart and her domestics. The poor Earl of Shrewsbury, condemned by Elizabeth to be the keeper and guardian of this lady, complains bitterly in his letters of the trouble she gave him, and relates how it took him a whole week to cleanse her apartments. Her son James is said never to have washed his hands, but only to have wiped the tips of his fingers, after meals, with a damp napkin. Into the secret of Mary's ablutions we are not admitted, except that we are told she bathed in wine, to the great augmentation of poor Shrewsbury's household expenses.

WASHINGTON IRVING IN THE ALHAMBRA.—It is an apartment built either by Charles V. or Philip, and terminates in the open gallery where Chateaubriand wrote his name on the wall. I have taken possession of that apartment, and one room is very comfortably fitted up as my bedroom and study. I never had such a delicious abode. One of my windows looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa; the citron-trees are full of blossoms, and perfume the air, and the fountain throws up a beautiful jet of water; on the opposite side of the garden is a window opening into the saloon of Las dos Hermanas, through which I have a view of the fountain of lions, and a distant peep into the gloomy halls of the Abencerrages. Another window of my room looks out upon the deep valley of the Darro, and commands a fine view of the Generalife. I am so in love with this apartment that I can hardly force myself from it to take my promenades. I sit by my window until late at night, enjoying the moonlight, and listening to the sound of the fountains and the singing of the nightingales.—*Life of Washington Irving.*

☞ He who fishes in the waters of matrimony may fish with his naked hook if the hook is gold.

Agricultural.

HOW TO MAKE DOCILE HORSES.

The docility and amazing instinct of the Arab horse are shown to proceed mainly from his constant association with the family of his owner, sharing their food, sleeping in their family tent, and lastly, from the early age at which he is broken in, which they say checks the development of the spleen, a very important point in the opinion of the Arabs: "At the age of eighteen to twenty months the colt is mounted by a child, who takes him to water, goes in search of grass, or leads him to the pasture. Not to hurt the bars he guides him with a longe, or tolerably soft mule's bit. This exercise is good for them both. The child grows up a horseman, and the colt acquires the habit of carrying a weight proportioned to his strength. He learns to walk, to fear nothing, and it is in this manner, say the Arabs, that 'we contrive never to have restive horses.' For the first few days the bit is covered with undressed wool, partly with a view not to hurt his bars, and partly to allure him to docility by the saltish flavor, of which he is so fond. When he begins to champ the bit, the task is nearly accomplished. This preparatory exercise takes place morning and evening. Thus sagaciously handled, the young animal will be ready to be mounted in the early part of the autumn, when he will be less tormented by the flies and heat. Wealthy owners, before they allow their colt to be mounted by a grown man, sometimes have him led up and down gently for a fortnight, with a pack-saddle on his back, supporting two baskets filled with sand. When he is about thirty months old, the colt is taught not to break loose from its rider when the latter sets foot on earth, and not even to stir from the spot where the bridle has been passed over his head and allowed to drag on the ground. Especial care is taken in teaching this lesson, because it is one of great importance in Arab life.

How to Dress Skins with the Fur on.

There are many ways of preparing furs for use as articles of dress or ornament. A way the writer used successfully with small pelts, as those of muskrats, mink, cats, rabbits, foxes, etc., is as follows:—After stretching and drying, scrape off all the bits of flesh and lumps of fat which may adhere, then wet thoroughly on the flesh side with a strong solution of salt and alum; fold one half upon the other with the fur out, and roll up or pack the skins away for a week or ten days. After this, the pelts are shaken out, each is spread with a layer of bran or sawdust, and thus they are piled one upon another, or again rolled up to lie for a day or two. The moisture is absorbed, and after this, repeated vigorous rubbings and workings by the hands finish them. Thick skins need to be treated a second time with alum and salt, which is best applied finely pulverized and rubbed in.

Tallow or other grease rubbed upon the undressed skins, softens and preserves them. On this principle the Indians tan skins of buffalo, bears, and smaller animals—for the nicer operations, using brains which are on this account very highly valued. The furdressers in the cities use rancid butter, smearing the skins with it, then put them into tubs, and tread and work them with the feet very thoroughly; after this sawdust is thrown in among the skins and they are repeatedly worked over in contact with it, to remove all excess of grease. Subsequent manipulation, rubbing the skin side with chalk or potter's clay, and whipping and brushing the fur, finishes them. All these operations depend for their success upon the thorough rubbing and working which the pelt must always receive.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE USE OF SEA-WEED.—"Connecticut," writes to the American Agriculturist: "It is principally through the use of the marine vegetation thrown upon our shores, that we can bring back to the land the riches it is ever pouring into the sea. From the banks of every rill, brook and river, there is constant waste by attrition; and from every village and city upon tide water, the fat of the land is cast out through the gutters and sewers. It goes to manure the gardens of the sea, and to nourish a vegetation hardly less luxuriant and beautiful than that which grows upon the land. These weeds, as they are commonly called, are torn up by the fall and winter storms, and are thrown in great masses upon the shore. In high tides and with favorable winds they are sometimes piled so high that they remain permanently. But by far the larger part are swept out to sea by the tides, and permanently lost to the land. To the shore farmer, these weeds are a source of wealth not likely to be overvalued.

HAYMAKING.—We have alluded, repeatedly, in our columns, to the successful method of haymaking pursued by our townsman, Gen. James D. Thompson. On Saturday last he filled our office with delicious fragrance, by bringing in a sample of hay, cured by still another process. The grass, cut about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of a day in July last, was, *immediately*, packed closely in a cask, the head of which was at once put in, its hoops driven, and the cask rolled into a shed. There it remained untouched until Saturday, when it was opened; and its contents were as sweet as the day when they were first packed. There was all the freshness, greenness and aroma of new-mown hay—not a suspicion of mustiness, nor a sign of decay—it was bright, flexible, and juicy. At the present price of casks, this mode of curing hay would be expensive; but our neighbor suggests that grass, cut as this was, might be screwed into bundles in the field, and thus be equally well preserved.—*New Bedford Standard, Jan. 22.*

Useful Receipts.

CHEAP CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples are washed and soaked, and after carefully straining, put it in a vessel; add a pound of sugar, or its equivalent in molasses.

FOR TOOTHACHE.—A little horseradish scraped and laid on the *wrist* of the side affected, will, in many cases, it is said, give speedy relief. Another way is to place a little scraped horseradish in the mouth, or the tooth, and just around the gum. It relieves rheumatic pains in the gums and face also. The mouth may afterwards be rinsed with a little camphorated water, lukewarm.

LIP SALVE.—Spermaceti ointment half an ounce, balsam of Peru one quarter of a drachm. Mix. It is not *couleur de rose*, but it will *cure*—often with but a single application. Apply a thin coating with the forefinger just before going into bed.

TO ROAST A RABBIT.—This is much improved in appearance, when brought to table, if the back-bone is removed, as well as being much easier to carve. In this case, line the body with some thin slices of fat bacon, and fill it with forcemeat prepared in the following manner:—6 oz. of bread-crumbs, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, two scraped anchovies, some parsley, thyme, and sweet marjorum shred fine, salt, grated nutmeg, and cayenne to taste. Mix these into a light forcemeat with 4 oz. of butter broken up into small bits, the unbeaten yolks of two eggs and a little cream. Stuff the inside of the rabbit with this, sew it up, and truss it the same as a hare. Pin a slice of fat bacon lengthways down its back, dredge it well with flour, and roast it before a clear brisk fire, basting it continually with butter or lard. It will take nearly an hour to roast. Serve with good brown gravy, and hand currant jelly round.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—The following "item for housekeepers" we copy from the Baltimore Clipper, which is as well adapted to this meridian as any other. As butter is now selling at a very steep price, with a prospect of going still higher, it becomes a necessity in a great many families to save it as much as possible. A lady who is a famous housekeeper, recommends an economical plan for making cake without butter, which may be useful to our lady readers:—"Take a piece of fat salt pork, melt it down and strain it through a piece of coarse thin muslin. Set it aside until cold. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound-cake she assures us it is delicious. She says that after one trial she never used butter."

SEMI-OPAQUE GLASS.—The most effectual way of rendering glass semi-opaque is with a little fluoric acid applied with a brush; this decomposes the surface and should be washed off when the action has been carried far enough. This is a way used by glass-painters to produce a white pattern on a colored ground, in coated glass, as it is called, the coat of red or blue in this, being only a thin surface on the white glass, and therefore quickly eaten away by the strong fluoric acid; but I presume your correspondent asks for some more simple means. Fine sharp emery powder and water scrubbed about in an easy means, as long as a very finished effect is not necessary, and the scrubbing is done with the flat side of a piece of cork; an old bung will answer. A pattern I have been told, can be easily made on this by painting the parts wished for with Canada balsam, it being remembered that this turpentiny substance is very slow in becoming hard. The balsam renders the glass transparent again where it is applied, whilst the rest remains semi-opaque. A lump of glaziers' putty dabbed all over a sheet of window glass will answer the purpose of making it opaque, and a light pattern may be produced on this with a palette knife or bit of wedge-shaped wood to remove the adhesive putty after it has been stippled all over with a hard bristly paint-brush to draw the material into a variegated state.

☞ An Irishman recently said: "Ireland gave me a birth place, which was all she could give; England gave my father a dungeon; but America gave a good home, and, be jabers, I'm a Union man from the ground up—all the time."

The Riddler.

ANCIENT HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 2, 90, 94, 20, 9, 93, 55, 7, 34, was a famed historian of Greece.

My 54, 66, 75, 68, 49, 86, 47, 91, 97, 59, 7, 87, was the last of the Assyrian monarchs.

My 89, 80, 96, 92, is the most famous volcanic mountain in the world.

My 10, 8, 58, 31, 77, 79, 63, 74, 78, was a statesman and warrior of Athens.

My 52, 97, 52, 43, 61, 95, 50, was the capital of Assyria.

My 97, 75, 39, 24, 55, 56, 32, 42, 3, was a Greek philosopher of the first rank.

My 2, 45, 28, 60, 40, 99, was a Roman poet whose lyrics and satires abound in moral maxims.

My 3, 56, 44, 74, 46, was the greatest of the poets of Greece.

My 51, 70, 73, 62, 78, 93, 2, 12, 15, 35, 81, was a renowned orator.

My 18, 49, 42, 53, 17, was a celebrated physician of the second century.

My 5, 19, 45, 71, 60, 20, is the god of music.

My 58, 37, 84, 16, 31, 50, 4, was an intimate friend of the orator Cicero.

My 2, 14, 67, 76, 95, 68, was an ancient poet of superior powers.

My 48, 25, 13, 43, was one of the most illustrious of the Roman historians.

My 27, 47, 91, 19, 2, 30, was a famous poetess of Lesbos.

My 22, 2, 14, 44, 33, 26, 38, 56, 31, 65, 12, 36, was a noted Athenian commander.

My 69, 97, 41, 85, 38, is a powerful element.

My 89, 56, 94, 41, 3, 83, is the centre of a whirlpool.

My 34, 99, 96, 30, 78, is the goddess of love and beauty.

My 19, 63, 41, 2, 97, 98, 45, 29, 47, 36, was a celebrated philosopher of Samos.

My 57, 66, 53, 33, 30, 54, was the name of a noble Roman.

My 24, 45, 40, 75, 64, 28, 82, 87, was one of the wisest and best characters in antiquity.

My 91, 22, 95, 72, 74, 44, 11, gave a race of sovereigns who descended from a general of Alexander the Great.

My 83, 58, 50, 1, 33, 91, 19, 85, was so great a shrew as to give a name to all ladies similarly gifted.

My 40, 76, 90, 31, 23, 67, 26, 64, 6, 7, 21, was an illustrious Roman who left his plough to serve his endangered country.

My whole is a well-merited compliment.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Roman dignity, I am the head
Of that by which, art, learning, truth, is spread;
Freed from my presence would ambition fail,
Grandeur be naught, and ships without a sail.
The path of genius, wreathed with laurels fair,
No more would call aspirant footsteps there,
And tho' around us love might weave its spell,
We'd miss the accents of affection still.
In the glad time when Earth was bright and new,
And Angel pinions floated Eden through,
In holy music breathing of the skies,
I broke the air and roll'd through Paradise.
In architecture, gothic I appear,
Lead off in angles, help to form a square—
I make up beauty, live in parlor, hall,
Shine in the stars and revel in the ball.
I'm us'd in sadness, link'd with all that's dear,
And will thro' time, be found in every year.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body is projected up an inclined plane, with a velocity of 144.67 inches per second, and it describes 216 inches before its motion ceases. Required, the proportion of the plane's height to its length. REUBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing a log is 12 feet long, 24 inches in diameter at one end, and 24½ inches at the other, to be rolled on a smooth surface till it completes a circle. What will be the diameter of the circle? S. M. IRWIN.

Cherrytree, Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a dish-cover like an omnibus in Broadway? Ans.—When it's block'-in.

☞ What musical instrument invites you to fish? Ans.—Cat-a-rect.

☞ Why is love like a duck's foot? Ans.—Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

☞ What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth? Ans.—One is tooth in, the other tooth out.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Naval battle at Hampton Roads, between the two ironclads Monitor and Merrimac. RIDDLE—Grant. DOUBLE REBUS—Ladies' Friend, Philadelphia,—(Lupp, Ah! Delhi, Itascalmati, Elba, Scotland, Florence, Revel, Ideastrup, Edinburgh, Ngami, Dacotah.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published Jan. 2nd., 9-35 and 16-35; Reuben Barto, Gill Bates's answer to same, 1-5 and 4-5; which answer is also given by the author.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, same date,—12. Reuben Barto, Morgan Stevens and the author.